

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 480.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1826.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dartmoor: a Descriptive Poem. By N. T. Carrington, Author of "The Banks of Tamar." 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1826, Hatchard; Devonport, R. Williams.

HAVING read, and read with much gratification, the *Dartmoor* of Mr. Carrington, we regret either that his preceding poem has (amid the multiplicity of similar volumes) escaped our attention, or that we have no convenient opportunity for turning to it as a medium of comparison with the present production. But as we may speak, without other reference, most favourably of the work before us, we shall do ourselves a pleasure and the public a service by bringing it at once under general notice.

Had *Dartmoor* appeared fifty years ago it would assuredly have acquired far more immediate and greater fame, and, probably, a far wider circulation than, in the later and existing states of poetical publication, it is likely to obtain. And this is to be lamented for the sake of the author; because, if we are correctly informed, he fills a place in life to which the product of a successful book could not fail to be acceptable: he is a schoolmaster in Devonport, to the laborious duties of which station are superadded the cares of a numerous family of children. To the compositions of such a man it would be no stretch of critical candour to extend a large measure of indulgence; but Mr. Carrington needs it not; and we mention the circumstances not as an apology for his Muse, but in order to awaken the interests and excite the sympathies of the friends of struggling genius for a case of no common occurrence, whether we look at the condition of the individual, or at the beauties of his performance.

Having taken Thomson (chiefly) as his model, Mr. Carrington has directed his thoughts to flow in the full and natural tide of descriptive verse. The stream is smooth, ample, and gently swelling, like a fine river whose course is through a champagne country; not turbulent, brawling, broken by rocks and cataracts, like most of the poetry of the century in which we live. It may not, therefore, strike so much at first sight; but its tranquil graces are not less calculated to improve on longer intimacy, to fill the breast with pleasing emotions, and to roll on to as distant a shore of that oblivious land where, at last, all the efforts of human ingenuity are lost and forgotten.

We have said that the *Seasons* are Mr. Carrington's model, and in fact we are of opinion that he has occasionally copied too closely. For example, the whole of the following is in his style, and the conclusion, though touching, reminds us, and not advantageously, of that noble passage in Thomson, beginning—

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud."

"On the Moor—
When from the frowning sky the sudden blast
Bursts wild, and thick the festivity flakes descend,
Swift sailing on the howling wind—the swain
Sold trends the fearful path, and through the bog,
Quivering beneath his feet, sagacious winds
To seek some transient of the flock! Alas!

Not always—though inured to hardship, skill'd
To tread with nicest foot where danger lurks,
And brave to face the mountain-storm—escapes
The wary villager. Thrice o'er the earth
Has winter pass'd, since here the peasant boy
Untimely perish'd. Him the battling winds
Resistless, and the vollying hail, and snow
O'erwhelming, found upon the unshelter'd heath,
As eve abruptly closed. What woes attend
On pale Misfortune's sons! In yonder towns
Voluptuous, the gay, the young, the rich,
Had met, that self-same hour, in many a hall
To pleasure consecrate; and as around
Stream'd the full flood of radiance, music cheer'd
All hearts within, while horror ruled the night—
The howling night without. Let Luxury hear,
And sympathise! as from each love-lit eye
Beam'd rapture, and a thousand angel forms
Were floating in the dance, the wintry drift
Of the bleak desert had inhaled alive
The moorland wanderer; and as the hours
Of Pleasure's votaries flew on lightning wing,
And strains as of Elysium softly fell
Upon the ear of gaiety, the tide
Of life with him ebb'd slowly—inch by inch—
Endurance exquisite—till drowny Death
Reluctant closed the scene, and on the gale
Unwept—unheard—he pour'd his parting groan!"

But we trust we are not misunderstood to accuse the bard of Devon of servility in the quotation we have just made; we only cite it to shew the school of which he is not an unworthy disciple. His subject has necessarily rendered his descriptions more local than those of his delightful prototype; in the midst of these localities, however, there are a multitude of natural touches which belong to all scenes and to every period. An invocation to Spring, near the commencement of the poem, may fairly be given as a specimen of this:—

"O welcome Spring! whose still small voice is heard
E'en by the mighty tempest of the North—
Who strays amid thy empire, and feels not
Divine sensations life's remembrance
At all its thousand fountains? Who can bathe
His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless
The new-born impulse which gives wings to thought,
And pulse to action. But for me, the gale,
That wanders with the flower and fans the bud
Into the living leaf, and wafts around
Fragrance and health, breathes not. The bird which
sings

His touching lay of liberty and love
To thousands, sings not to my ear. The hymn
Of earth and sky—the breeze, the flower, the brook—
All sights and sounds delicious—cheering still,
From morn to eve, the blushing vernal hour—
Are for the joyous many who can stray
At will, unshackled by the galling chain
That Fate has forged for Labour's countless sons;—
A chain unbroken and unloos'd of oft
From youth to toiling age, save just to taste
How sweet a thing is liberty—to mark
How green the earth—how beautiful the sky—
How all-magnificent the sea—and wear
The hated bonds again. On me the sun
Has seldom shone—a freeman—free to rove
At morn, and hence the festivity nations pour
Their strains full-hearted, ere the ray has drank
The dew-drop of the vale;—to hear the rills
In joyful tumult rush adown thy slopes,
Devonia; and with lightsome step to scale
Thy hills green-breasted, and delighted view
The infinite of prospect—free at noon,
By fringed brooks, in meditative mood,
To rest where nothing breaks the hallow'd pause
But lapse of living waters—free at eve,
To tread some sun-illum'd ridge, and gaze
Entraptured on the cloud that sails the west
With hues celestial tinged, and hear the song
That bids the day farewell—how seldom free,
Through life's dull, dreary, heartless round, at night—
Dear night!—to draw my curtain on the world,
Invoke the Muse, commune with ages past,
And feast on all the luxury of books."

The feeling, taste, and general powers of the author, however, we will demonstrate by an

extract, which, as it partakes of the character of episode and tale, may be more agreeable to readers than a selection from various parts, and, at the same time, must be considered as an impartial example of the whole. After describing the national prison which was erected on the Moor, and alluding to the most rational and amiable class of prisoners, Mr. C. proceeds:—

"Of this sacred bond
Had young Augustin been, but o'er his youth
Misfortune's blight had pass'd;—the rosy bloom
Had vanish'd from his cheek, and Hope, dear Hope,
That spring-dew of existence, cheer'd no more
The soul, and withering Consumption now
Drank the life-blood by drops!

"How beautiful
The vernal hour of life. Then pleasure wings
With lightning-speed the moments, and the sun
Beams brightly, and nor cloud nor storm appears
To darken the horizon. Hope looks out
Into the dazzling sheen, and fondly talks
Of summer; and Love comes, and all the air
Rings with wild harmonies. But songs may cease,
Though carol'd in the faithless spring, and Hope
May prove a flatterer, and Love may plume
His wing for flight, and every flower that blows
Be blasted by the tempest's breath."

"And thus
Before the deth-blight, just as his green years
Were gliding into summer beauty. Long
He woo'd a maid all innocence and truth,
And lovely as the loveliest nymph that trends
Thy banks, swift-rushing Rhine. And she return'd
His passionate suit, and every day that came
Strengthen'd th' indivisible charm that wound
Itself round their young hearts. Thy skies are blue,
Fair Provence, and thy streams are clear and fringed
By the lush vine, that in thy quiet vales
Hangs out its full frank clusters, glowing deep
With richest amethystine tint; and thou
Hast songs of witching minstrelsy from bowers
Of fragrance; and, amid the deepening shade
Of groves, sweet cots—abodes of health and peace,
By woodbine, rose, and myrtle sweetly deck'd.
But Love has power to fling an added charm
Even on the beautiful; and when these met,
At magic eve, the soft, the sunny South
Yet more enchanting seem'd;—the hills, the vales
Wore an unearthly charm;—the crystal streams
Roll'd on with new-born minstrelies;—the woods
Were greener, fairer, and this world arose
To their quick-beaming and delighted eyes,
With all the hues and forms of Paradise."

"But Revolution from her wild trumpet ble
A loud and fearful blast; and at the sound
The nations trembled, and the land, the sea,
Were one wide scene of tumult. 'Neath the shade
Of vine, fig, olive, now no more the swain
Reposed in happy indolence! No more
Sweet tales of love in rose and myrtle bowers!
For France, with fiercest call, from loom and plough,
From hill and vale, city and cot, aroused
Her sons to conflict;—and Augustin, torn
From her he loved—the weeping Genevieve—
Was sent, with many a hapless victim more,
To combat England on the wave. The hawk
Might scare the eagle from his cliff;—the wolf
Might bay the monarch lion in his den,—
As soon as the victorious prowess of Gaul
Chase Albion's red-cross from the sea, and wrest
The triquet from her grasp. Awhile the bark
That bore Augustin from his native strand
Successful roam'd; but 'cross her ocean-path
An English frigate swept, and soon the flag
Of fierce Democracy, deep-humbled, waved
Beneath the British banner!"

"Farewell, France!"
The captive sigh'd, as, for the gentle breeze
Of balmy Provence, loudly round him howl'd
The chill, moist gale of Dartmoor! Where are now
The blushing bowers—the groves with fruitage hung
Voluptuous—the music of the hough
From birds that love bright climes—the perfumed
morn—
The golden day—the visionary eve—
The walk—the interchange of soul—too well,

Too well remembered? Exile, think no more;
There's madness in the cup that Memory holds
To thy inebriate lip!

"Yet rise they will—
Dear visions of thy home. The birds will sing—
The streams will flow—the grass will wave—the
flowers

Will bloom—and through the leafage of the wood
The blue smoke curl; thy cot is there—thy cot—
Poor exile! and the secret mighty power,
The local love, that o'er the wide-spread earth
Binds man to one dear, cherish'd, sacred spot,
His home, is with thy spirit; and will oft
Throw round its dear enchantments, and awake,
For distant scenes beloved, the deep-felt sigh,
And prompt the unbidden tear!

"O! who that drags
A captive's chain would feel his soul refresh'd,
Though scenes, like those of Eden, should arise
Around his hated cage? But here green youth
Lost all its freshness, manhood all its prime,
And age sank to the tomb, ere Peace her trump
Exulting blew; and still upon the eye,
In dread monotony, at morn, noon, eve,
Arose the Moor—the Moor!"

"And year on year
Thus crept away—spent in consuming thought;—
But now terrific rumours reach'd his ear
Of fierce commotions, insurrections, feuds
Intestine, making home Aeldama;
Till at the last came, crushing all his hopes,
A withering tale. 'O Liberty, what crimes
Were perpetrated in thy glorious name!' In
that devoted land, when Faction strode
O'er wreck of throne and tribute to the heights
Of lawless brief dominion! Perish'd then,
In undistinguish'd massacre, the brave,
The wise, the good, the fair, beneath the fangs
Of Revolution's hell-hounds. Vaunted France—
'The gallant, the frank-hearted, and the gay,
Where lovely woman as a deity
Had long been worshipp'd'—in that fearful hour
'Threw off its ancient homage. Men became
Brutal—infuriate—from the scaffold thrill'd
The female shriek; and (O eternal shame
To France!) within the deep and gulging wave
'They sank, all wildly mix'd, the son, the sire,
'The mother, and the gentle virgin—all,
In one dark watery grave!"

We forbear from trespassing further on the reader with other extracts, or remarks on this poem. We shall only add, that it reflects much honour on the author, of whose talents his native place has just reason to be proud; and to express again our hope that it will recommend him to the regards not only of his near compatriots, but of the British people at large.

Sandoval; or, The Spanish Freemason. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1826. Colburn.

This is a highly-attractive title, and the work is further recommended by the name of the author of *Don Esteban*. Freemasonry, with its ancient origin, its symbols, and its mysteries;—the potent influence it (or something assuming its shape) has been supposed to exercise over the destinies of monarchs and nations—is a capital acting power in the machinery of a romance. There can be no doubt, whatever may have been done in Germany or France under this disguise, that in Spain those who called themselves Freemasons were strictly associated for political purposes, and that the revolutions in that country were moved in various ways by this kind of agency; and it is, accordingly, very interesting to find in *Sandoval* a history of its effects among a people where it was so fiercely prescribed by the Government, that a proof of being a Freemason would have cost a man his life.

We also like in these volumes the healthy tone in which the author speaks—so very unlike a Spaniard, and so befitting a citizen of a better country. This is quite a novelty in the annals of publications emanating from Spain, or any native of Spain. The first Spanish Romances—the romances of Chivalry—seem to have infected all their literature in the same manner down to the time of Cervantes, who is himself deeply imbued with its spirit. Soldans and

Emperors of Trebizond, and ladies, and giants, and gorgeous knights, in plate or mail, and extravagant incidents, then gave place, for a brief period, to the ridiculous and romantic love, and the impossible purity, and the insipid *longueurs* of pastoral romance; and then, as extremes generally meet, the Spanish romances passed from histories of emperors and "valorous cavaliers" to beggars and rogues,—from the narration of deeds of high emprise to those of picking pockets,—and from their Dianas and Galateas to village landladies and their virtuous maidens.

The reign of muleteers, rogues, and beggars, was a long and popular one, and the *novelas exemplares* in which their feats were recorded were translated and imitated throughout Europe. But of Spanish romances, since the days of the *gusto Picaresco*, we profess to know nothing, and we shall therefore proceed at once to *Sandoval*, which is essentially a Spanish novel, though written in the English tongue.

The novel commences soon after the period of the battle of Toulouse, when the third army had received orders to march to the Spanish frontier. Sandoval is a young Spanish officer belonging to this army, who, at the opening of the novel, has received letters from Spain, informing him of the overthrow of the Constitution by Ferdinand and the *Serviles*, and the accusations of heresy which have been made against himself, in order to prejudice him in the eyes of the bigotted mother of his beloved and beautiful Gabriela. On the dissolution of the army he proceeds to Spain, and on his arrival at his native town he finds that his father has fled, that his house has been seized on by order of Government, and his property condemned, and he himself is received with coldness and insult by the mother of Gabriela, as well as by Father Lobo, her confessor, and his nephew, the latter of whom is thus described:—

"Don Aniceto Artimaña was announced, and in walked a man of low stature, dressed in a rich gold embroidered coat, decorated with the great cross of Charles III., white kersey-mere pantaloons, hessian boots with gold fringe and tassels, a gold-laced cocked hat under his left arm, and a cane with a gold top in his right hand. Unfortunately, all this finery could not conceal a look of marked ferocity, and features as coarse and vulgar as they were disgustingly deformed. Eyes of a greenish colour, sunken into the head, and so concealed by the bushy eyebrows which overhung them, that only a twinkling, resembling the glimmerings of a light burning in a deep dark dungeon was observed; a nose which, by some unlucky accident in his boyhood, had been so completely flattened on his face, that it was impossible to discern either nostrils or bridge; thick, projecting lips, of a mulberry hue, shewing through them a set of large, half-broken, blackened, irregular teeth; and a chin which instead of being, like most human chins, dimpled and nicely rounded, slanted off so suddenly from the lower line of the inferior lip, that it was lost in the large, straight jaws, which ran considerably beyond the ears. His hair, too, was so fantastically arranged, that it resembled a half-dried artichoke, having some of its leaves erect, others half-bent and others hanging down."

This captivating person is intended for the husband of Gabriela by her affectionate mother; but she still remains faithful to Sandoval, who is suddenly called from her, by his exiled father's orders, to attend a meeting of freemasons. The state of society at this period we give in the author's own words:—

"In fact, until this epoch nothing had yet been done by the patriots to establish a regular system of communication by means of secret societies. Scattered about the country, weakened and discouraged by the destructive proceedings of their adversaries, a few of them, at most, assembled in private houses and secret places, to communicate to each other the news they received from their dispersed friends. The Freemasons' lodges, which became afterwards the bonds of union with the liberal party, were, at the moment here alluded to, few in number, and very contracted in their object; but even before the king's return their influence had been very inconsiderable. Freemasonry in Spain, previous to Napoleon's invasion, was confined only to a few individuals, who had been accepted masons in foreign lodges. The intercourse with both French and English freemasons, who went to Spain on account of the war, caused that number to be augmented, though by no means so greatly as might have been expected. The first attempt at forming a grand Spanish Orient was made by those Spaniards who were attached to the party of King Joseph; and who, aided by their Gallic friends, succeeded in nominally establishing it. Their numbers increased in proportion as their party gained ground; but their object in making new proselytes was principally to give strength to their faction, and obtain mutual assistance from each other in whatever difficulties, either personal or political, they might find themselves involved. At about the same period, and soon after the promulgation of the Constitution, those liberals who were at Cadiz, and who belonged to that society, formed also a kind of lodge, the object of which was merely to prevent the serviles from obtaining a preponderance in the administration; but neither these masons, nor those belonging to the same party who were scattered about the country in the different armies, had among themselves any bond of union, or determined political object. This fact was well known to the servile faction; yet, on the king's return to Spain, unwilling to forget that it was owing to the efforts of some of the Freemasons that they had failed in obtaining, during the time they were at Cadiz, what they so much panted after, namely, a preponderance in the government, they, in conjunction with the beloved Ferdinand and the Grand Inquisitor, and our Holy Father the Pope, fulminated a decree against the Freemasons, in which, as the holy inquisitors themselves expressed it, 'We henceforth offer to receive *with open arms, and all that tenderness* which has always characterised our ministry, those who, within the space of fifteen days from the date of this decree, shall spontaneously and voluntarily denounce themselves to us; but if any person (which God forbid!) persist in following the road to perdition, we shall employ, to our great regret, rigour and severity, causing the pains and penalties of the civil and canonical laws to be inflicted on the offenders.' It is needless to add, that this decree was followed by numerous arrests throughout the Peninsula; and that even some of those persons suspected of being suspicious in this respect, were unfortunate enough to be received 'in the open arms' of the holy inquisitors, whose embraces we can compare only to the loving coil of the boa constrictor, or the more rapturous clasp of the African tiger."

Sandoval is now admitted a member of the Orient, and volunteers to join the rising which had been planned by Gorrix and the celebrated Mina at Pampluna. Of this unsuccessful attempt, there is a very animated description

in the first volume. The second opens with Sandoval's return to Logroño, his native place, where he seeks shelter in a farm-house. During the first few hours of Sandoval's stay, the worthy owner is visited by the curate, who comes to demand his tithes; then by a Franciscan friar, a capuchin, a lay brother from a nunnery, a mercenary, and a missionary, who all come for the laudable purpose of begging. This picture is cleverly sketched.

In the mean time, the mother of Gabriela has been prevailed upon by Father Lobo and his nephew to shut up her daughter in a convent; and the ceremony of taking the veil is just about to conclude, when Sandoval, whom the news had reached, rushes into the church, falls senseless on the floor, and in this condition is borne off, by order of the charitable monk, to a dungeon.

"In this place, men and women, young and old, innocent and guilty, were huddled together—here the man who had grown hardened in vice and crime was tied to the one who had only committed an error,—the exalted patriot to the remorseless assassin,—the insolvent debtor to the felon,—the lover who had incurred the displeasure of his mistress's parents, to the false coiner. All were condemned to breathe the same confined, malignant, infected air; unless, indeed, any one chose to purchase by weight of gold the privilege of being shut up in a solitary cell, from the avaricious keeper, whose ingenuity in inventing new modes of tormenting his victims, in order to extort their last riel, did honour to his employers.

"In casting his eyes to a distant corner of it, Sandoval observed an old man in a dying state, stretched on the straw, and attended by a young woman, who, with haggard looks and dishevelled hair, tried to support his head on her lap, while three half-naked boys were kneeling at his feet uttering lamentable cries. He turned his head away from this heart-rending spectacle, his eyes swimming in tears; but they alighted on a spectral figure chained to the wall, so withered and ghastly, that were it not for the rags with which he was covered, and the painful sighs which now and then swelled his bosom, he might have been mistaken for the skeleton of a man once in existence. A group were here singing obscene and profane songs, and further on another absorbed in prayer. The very walls themselves presented a frightful representation of the horrors of that abode of wretchedness and guilt. On them the bigot had drawn Virgins, saints, and crucifixes, beside the revolting obscenities sketched by the immoral and degraded beings who had spent the greatest part of their lives in this horrible abode: here a memento of past pleasures was engraven, and beneath it one of present suffering and grief; further on was a ridiculous epigram beside a melancholy epitaph. The strange confusion thus visible in this horrible dungeon could not but furnish a reflecting mind, like that of Sandoval, with matter for grief and indignation, pity and disgust, tenderness and detestation."

From this fearful place Sandoval escapes, in consequence of the success of a plot formed among the prisoners to murder the keepers; and the execution of their plan is detailed with great force and spirit. He then hastens to Oriedo, where he finds the famous Riego, of whose personal history we have many interesting particulars, and some new anecdotes. On reaching Coruña the hero of the story joins Porlier, whose unfortunate attempt to proclaim the constitution, and heroic death, are here ably detailed.

In the mean time the Madrid lodge of Freemasons, which had been dissolved, was endeavouring to reorganise itself; but their plans had nearly failed in consequence of the arrest of Van Haller, who was thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. His examination, torture, and escape, in which he is aided by Sandoval, are given with great cleverness; and with their arrival at Bayonne, on their way to Paris and London, "for objects which deeply concerned the masonic association," the second volume concludes.

On the return of Sandoval to Spain, he is naturally anxious to learn something of the fate of Gabriela, and for that purpose proceeds to the lodging of his servant Roque, who is absent. Sandoval goes in search of him to Lavapie, the St. Giles's of Madrid; and we have the following description of a manola assembly, which has so much merit, and describes a class so new to English readers, that, notwithstanding its length, we must extract it. The latter part will remind the reader of a powerful scene in *Count Fathom*.

"Having ascertained from Roque's friend as nearly as he could the place in Lavapie where he was likely to meet him, Sandoval proceeded towards the spot with all possible haste, till at last he came to a lane where he heard not far off the twanging of guitars, and the sound of voices singing the lively and favourite dances of the manolas, called *manchegas*, and observed some of their women just entering the house from which the merry sounds issued. He hastened to the place, and knocking at the door, demanded admittance in the usual way. 'May I crave the favour of being admitted to participate in your pleasures?'

"'By all means,' said an old sibyl who opened the door to him, and gave him, in their common ridiculous style, some necessary directions, that he should not mistake his road. The first passage, however, was so dark, that Sandoval was obliged to grope along as if he had been blindfolded. . . . As he entered the second passage, he heard more distinctly the disreputable laugh and loud talk of the men, who graced every other word with an oath or an obscenity, and the shrill and penetrating voices of the women singing their *manchegas*, and cutting their jokes at each other, mingling with the confused sounds of timbrels, guitars, one or two violins, and spirited stamping of the feet. He was almost tempted to turn back; but the hope of finding his servant there prevailed, and he proceeded towards the room, in which he discerned a single lamp hanging from the ceiling, and scattering just light enough to enable them to see each other's faces. The door of this room was so small, that Sandoval was obliged to stoop till his head nearly touched his knees; and as there was a step to be descended which he did not notice, he came into the room with that part of his body foremost, and his heels cutting a caper in the air. 'Chica,* put out the light, for the gentleman is now a-bed,' said one of the manolas, suddenly turning to one of her friends. A burst of laughter followed this sally, while the confused Sandoval endeavoured to disentangle himself from his cloak, and recover his upright position. 'Tis the custom here, my darling, to pay for the bed on which we lie,' said another, approaching him with one hand fixed on her hip, and the other stretched out, and surveying him from head to foot, her head bent on one side, and nodding with a saucy, impudent look, while she beat time with her toes on the ground.

"And pray what may your charge be?" inquired he.

"The more you give us the better, my beloved," she said; "but we'll be reasonable, and have it in the right juice; Valdepeñas, I throw you like. Well, then, slacken the strings of your pouch, and I'll send for an *azumbre*."

"Sandoval thought it prudent not to object to this, and pulled out his purse (which happened to be tolerably well furnished, and on which more than one eager glance lighted) to take out a silver piece, which he gave to the manola. 'I see you love the king's face,' said she; 'he is a good-looking man enough in the yellow ones, but d—n me if I would exchange my Pepehillo for his royal person.'

"Saying this, she took the piece, and beckoning to a tall *majo*, who was in earnest conversation with several others, gave him the silver, and spoke to him in a low voice, of which Sandoval only caught the two or three last words; but of which he did not know the meaning, as they were spoken in their peculiar slang. She then invited our hero to sit down, while the wine came, on one of the wooden benches which stood against the wall, where, once installed, she began to pour forth a volley of witticisms, which she occasionally seasoned with an oath, to render them more expressive. Most of it, however, was lost on Sandoval, whose eyes were glancing from one corner of the room to another, endeavouring to discover whether Roque was among the revellers.

"The room, which might be about thirty feet wide by thirty-five long, was evidently too small for the company who were assembled in it, and who amounted to about sixty persons, some of whom were sitting squat on the floor, round a *bota*,† which they occasionally lifted up to their lips, and kissed with the devotional fervour peculiar to the manolas. Another group was seen sitting on a bench near a blind fiddler, whom they accompanied with their guitars; while some of the girls who stood by added their own voices and the regular sounds of their timbrels to that of the numerous castanets of the dancers, who were in the middle of the room, executing, with the graceful attitudes peculiar to this kind of people, their *manchegas* in sets of four persons of both sexes to each, all of whom joined to really fine shapes and well-formed limbs the utmost elegance in their movements, and vivacity and expression in their countenances.

"Hardly had Sandoval ended his scrutiny, when a little ragamuffin, dressed in tatters, and without shoes or stockings, came running in with a *bota* full of wine, which he laid at the foot of the manola, after whispering some words into her ear, to which she answered, 'she would do so,' and then taking the *bota*, added, with a nod to Sandoval, 'Here is to you, my darling,' handing him afterwards the skin, to follow her example. Sandoval took it, but presented it to another girl who was near him, and then called to two or three more to aid in emptying it. These called their *cortijos*, and in less than two rounds the skin gave its last groan. During this time, however, a dispute commenced between two of the manolas, about who should have precedence in the next draught. The one swore she would choke the other, if she attempted to take the skin first; and her opponent retorted by declaring, that if she had as many eyes as her spencer had buttons, she would tear them all out, rather than stand by and see her drink first. These

* "Corresponding in English to 'I say,' or 'my dear.'"

† "Two quarts."
* "A small leather bag for wine."

threats were followed by sarcasms and nicknames, and these by taunts and accusations; after which they both assumed a threatening attitude. They threw back on their shoulders their mantillas, placed their knuckles on their hips, and, shaking their heads, shewed their white teeth, as their mouths grew distorted with rage, and glanced their dark eyes at each other in such a manner, that they seemed to emit sparkles. At length they flew at each other like two wild cats, their shrill voices resembling the cry of those animals when engaged in a deadly conflict.

"Sandoval, who had risen to quit these bacchanalians, thought he would do an act of charity, if, before he left the place, he parted the two furies, whose mantillas now hung in rags about their necks, as did also the rest of their dress. 'Stand off, squire frock!' cried two or three of the bystanders, seizing him by the arms; 'let the good souls fight it out, unless you wish to know how deep our nails can go into your face.'

"As Sandoval knew that these ladies are never in the habit of repeating their threats, he stood still according as he was bid, looking to the issue of this quarrel, with different feelings from those of the whole set of revellers, who surrounded the combatants, now applauding their mettle, and now encouraging them to proceed. At last one of the spectators cried out—'Zounds! must you fight like common women, and can you not make short work to your broil with your knives?'

"At these words, one of the fighting women, recollecting she had one about her, firmly grasped the throat of her antagonist, and thrusting her hand into her pocket, in an instant she opened the knife, and made a deep gash in the neck of her enemy, who gave a shrill scream, and then fell on the floor covered with gore. At sight of this the other darted to the door, and the cry of murder was raised. All the spectators now rushed out of the room, as if each of them had been the perpetrator of the deed, and Sandoval followed the crowd, whose impulse it was impossible to resist. But on reaching the outside door, the same boy who had taken in the wine-skin came running and shouting, '*La justicia, la justicia!*'"

"In this emergency, Sandoval stood at the door uncertain what road to take, yet anxious to be out of the way of these gentlemen; for he well knew, that were the manolas to see him in their clutches, they would not hesitate in accusing him of the deed, in order to save one of their own people. While he was thus musing, the same manola who had been sitting with him approached from behind, and giving him a smart tap on the shoulder, 'Have you, my darling, a mind to be hung?' cried she, as if guessing the thoughts that were crossing his brain. 'If you be anxious to escape the minions,' she added, 'follow me, and I'll shelter you for an hour. Your liberality and genteel way of doing things must not pass unrequited.'

"Saying this, she took him by the arm, and with hasty steps led the way, through two or three crooked and narrow lanes, to a house of no very prepossessing appearance, though similar to those of that quarter of the town. They then mounted in the dark a flight of stairs, which was common to every innate of that house, and the manola, opening a door at the very top of it, requested Sandoval to enter. When he had done so, she told him she would

be with him in a twinkling of the eye, for she was only going to fetch a light, and then quitted him, taking the precaution to lock the door,—a measure which he, thinking it unnecessary, did not much like. As, however, there was now no remedy, he groped about the room till he stumbled against a wooden chair, on which he sat down to wait her return. This was not quite so speedy as she had promised; for a quarter of an hour had now elapsed, and she had not yet made her appearance. After waiting half an hour longer, Sandoval began to grow impatient. He listened attentively to catch some sounds; but all was still and silent as the grave. He got up, and went to the door, which he tried to force open; but it was too well secured, and resisted both his hands and feet. He then began a cruise round the room, to discover if there were any window in it, from which he might either call out, or make his escape; and stretching out his hands towards the walls, felt, as he went on, here a nail or a piece of paper hanging loosely, and further on, a chink or a hole. Presently, however, the wall seemed to vanish at once from his touch, and stumbling against a plank or a step, he fell down, his head striking against the frame-work of a bed, and his stretched hands claspings a man's leg, which jutted out from the bed, and which felt perfectly stiff and cold.

"A chill came over Sandoval's frame as he grasped this dead limb, which he doubted not was that of some murdered wretch who, like himself, had been inveigled into that dark dwelling, to be robbed and poignarded by some of the ruffians who inhabited that part of the town, and of whom probably the manola was an associate. During some minutes he remained in the same posture, stretched on the ground, his forehead supported against the bed, covered with a cold sweat, and all his limbs shaking with agitation, without the power of moving from the spot where he lay. At length his natural courage gradually returning, he cast his head back, and perceived just opposite, and even with the floor, a long crevice gleaming with light, which he immediately thought must belong to a door communicating with another room. He rose hastily, and rushing towards it gave a furious push, by which a door flew back, slapped against the wall, and rebounded upon him with such force as nearly knocked him down. He, however, pushed it back again, eager to fly from that abode of murder; but no sooner he had entered the room where the lights were, than he remained transfixed to the spot, his eyes riveted on an object as horrible as that from which he wished to escape; namely, an immense long coffin lying on the floor, and containing a corpse shrouded in a Franciscan habit, the ghastly countenance of which was rendered more visible by two wax tapers that burned on each side of it. His horror at sight of this object, great as it was, increased considerably when he perceived the corpse rise slowly from his coffin, and open a pair of huge eyes, which seemed to grow larger and larger as he rose, and which he fixed with a sort of dead-like gaze on Sandoval. When the spectre stood on his legs, he appeared of a gigantic size, his head nearly touching the ceiling of the garret, which was more than a foot above Sandoval's. He then walked with measured steps towards him, pausing awhile at every step he took, his hands thrust into the side-pockets of his habit, which was tied round his waist with a thick rope. Having come up to Sandoval, he drew both his hands suddenly from the pockets, and presenting to his head two large horse-pistols, said in a laconic man-

ner, but with a deep, sepulchral voice, 'Squire, your money!'

With this reasonable and polite demand Sandoval is forced to comply,—and he luckily escapes from this den with his life. He then proceeds towards Valencia, in company with the brave Colonel Vidal, who had organised a rising in that province for the liberation of Spain; but which, with the fatality that seems to have attended all the efforts of the patriots, fails like the rest. Vidal is hanged, and Sandoval returns to Madrid, where he learns that Ferdinand has fallen in love with his Gabriela, and that Father Lobo aids the king in his designs upon her honour. He hastens in disguise to a splendid festival, which is described at great length, given at the Osuna palace,—endeavours in vain to open the eyes of Gabriela's mother to the king's intentions, and finally saves his mistress from his majesty's violence;—but, suspected as he is, he dares not reveal himself, and makes his escape amidst the confusion. He then proceeds to the head-quarters of Abisbal, and joins the pretended rising which was organised by that traitor. On its failure he is arrested and thrown into prison; from which he is freed just in time to join in the momentary triumph of the unfortunate Riego. The novel now draws to a close; the machinations of the monk and his nephew against the hero are frustrated; Sandoval is united to Gabriela; and the volumes conclude with their removal from Spain to an English cottage, in order to avoid the sight and the sense of Ferdinand's tyranny.

In the rapid sketch of the story to which we have been obliged to confine ourselves, we have omitted all notice of the brother of Sandoval, who is as devoted to the king as his brother is to the constitution. We have also been obliged to exclude the history of the progress of Freemasonry in Spain, and the spirited narratives of the various risings, which we could not quote at length, and would not abridge. There are many interesting sketches of Spanish manners—particularly among the lower classes—scattered throughout the book; and the author has evidently considerable talents for the description of scenery. The fictitious heroes of historical novels are allowed to be insipid; and Sandoval is not an exception to the rule which permits this: and there is more merit in the conception than in the execution of Father Lobo and his amiable nephew. Indeed, the imaginary persons throughout are not the best: the real heroes of the book are the real personages who figure in it. The king is, no doubt, caricatured; but this, we suppose, must be forgiven in the case of so ardent a Liberal as the author of Sandoval.

Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee; with Remarks on the History, Traditions, Customs, and Language of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. By William Ellis, Missionary, &c. 8vo. pp. 442. London, 1826. Printed for the Author: Hatchard: Seeley: Hamilton and Co.; Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes; Dublin, Keene.

COMMENCING with the beginning of August 1821, and continuing through nearly four months of the *Literary Gazette*, we had the pleasure of publishing, in a small compass, one of those original journals of voyages with which it has been our good fortune, occasionally, to vary the features of our publication. It contained the intelligence collected by a clever individual of the name of Corney, who was

* "The algaruciles or constables are so called, as forming a branch of that tree which in Spain often bears such bitter fruit."

mate of the Colombia schooner, traded in the northern Pacific from 1813 to 1818, and resided, during a considerable period of these years, (at various times) in the Sandwich Islands. On meeting with Mr. Ellis's volume relating to the same parts, we naturally referred back to our own authority; and it was very satisfactory to find that, wherever the accounts touched on the same matters, they agreed on every point. Thus the portrait of Tamehameha, the king who preceded Rihorihoro, and the character of Rihorihoro himself (with which we are all better acquainted, in consequence of his visit to this country) are drawn precisely alike by both writers, (see Literary Gazette for 1821, pages 524 and 551.) Mr. Corney also describes the knocking out of teeth and the cutting off of hair, as tokens of mourning for a chief, in the same manner as Mr. Ellis; and the curious fact of their preventing hogs, dogs, and fowls from making any noise during periods tabu-ed or set apart for general grief; but he states other particulars not noticed by the latter in this respect, namely, the native custom of burning their flesh with the bark of trees, and stripping themselves naked and prostrating themselves at the funeral ceremonies, (Literary Gazette, p. 647.) The descriptions of the games of draughts and hiding the stone are alike in both (Literary Gazette, 697); and, in short, the two narratives perfectly corroborate each other, and induce us to place implicit reliance on the novelties which Mr. Ellis's later and different opportunities for observation have brought to light. Soon after the date at which our Journal ceased, Tamehameha (whom Corney personally knew well) died (1819), and was succeeded by his son Rihorihoro as king of all the Sandwich Islands.* Immediately after his accession, he adopted some very important measures, such as abolishing the system of idolatrous worship, and taking off the Tabu, a custom of infinite detriment, which kept the females in a state of degradation, and was a monstrous source of misery and oppression to the people. It thus happened that when Mr. Ellis's brother missionaries arrived at Hawaii (or Owhyhee) in February 1820, they found the natives literally without a religion and without a God. This was extremely favourable for the propagation of a new creed; and accordingly we perceive that the preachers were every where listened to with complacency, and even where they did not make a great impression or produce conviction, that they were only resisted by old prejudices, and by a few persons interested in the ancient priestly regime. It may, therefore, be hoped that their labours would the more speedily become effectual.

But while we breathe this wish, it is melancholy to have to state that the intercourse with Europeans and Christians, which ought to have led to civilisation and prosperity, has not produced results upon which Europe and Christianity have cause to exult. It is true, Mr. Ellis tells us in his preface, that his statements respecting the Sandwich Islanders "will prove that they are rapidly emerging from their former condition, and preparing to maintain a higher rank in the scale of nations. Above all, it will furnish a decisive and triumphant illustration of the direct tendency of

Christian principles and Christian institutions, to promote the true amelioration of mankind in all the relations of social life."

But we fear this glowing assertion is not sustained by the facts which he relates of the superstitions, the prevalence of the crime of infanticide, the addition of drunkenness, and the destructive frequency of the worst of foreign diseases among the natives. In proof of this humiliating conclusion we shall cite a few passages from the body of the work.

"The soil is rich in those parts which have long been free from volcanic eruptions; but the general appearance of the country is hardly so inviting as when first discovered; many parts, then under cultivation, are now lying waste.

"The inhabitants were estimated by their discoverers at 400,000. There is reason to believe this was somewhat above the actual population at that time, though traces of deserted villages, and numerous enclosures formerly cultivated, but now lying waste, are every where to be met with. At present it does not exceed 130,000 or 150,000, of which 35,000 inhabit the island of Hawaii. The rapid depopulation which has most certainly taken place within the last fifty years, is to be attributed to the frequent and desolating wars which marked the early part of Tamehameha's reign; the ravages of a pestilence, brought in the first instance by foreign vessels, which has twice, during the above period, swept through the islands; the awful prevalence of infanticide, and the melancholy increase and destructive consequences of depravity and vice."

"The *ava* has been used for the purpose of inebriation by most of the South Sea Islanders, and is prepared from the roots and stalks of a species of pepper plant, the *piper methysticum* of Forster, which is cultivated for this purpose in many of the islands, and being a plant of slow growth, was frequently tabued from the common people. The water in which the *ava* had been macerated was the only intoxicating liquor with which the natives were acquainted before their intercourse with foreigners, and was, comparatively speaking, but little used, and sometimes only medicinally, to cure cutaneous eruptions and prevent corpulency. But since they have been so much visited by shipping, the case is very different. They have been taught the art of distillation; and foreign spirits in some places are so easily obtained, that inebriety, with all its demoralisation, and attendant misery, is ten times more prevalent than formerly. This is a circumstance deeply to be deplored."

"About twelve years ago, a shocking instance of infanticide occurred in this district, exhibiting, in a most affecting manner, the unrestrained violence of malignant passion, and the want of parental affection, which so often characterise savage life.

"A man and his wife, tenants of Mr. Young, who has for many years held, under

* Yet getting drunk in Hawaii seems to be no great pleasure. Visiting Mcconnell, a friend and favourite of the late Tamehameha, Mr. Ellis relates, "Soon after we had entered his house, a salt flying-fish was broiled for supper. A large copper boiler was also brought out, and tea was made with some dried mint, which he said he had procured many months ago from ships at Towallhae. He took his supper at the same time, but, instead of drinking tea, took a large cocoa-nut shell full of *ava*. If an opinion of its taste might be formed by the distortion of his countenance after taking it, it must be a most nauseous dose. There seemed to be about half a pint of it in the cup; its colour was like thick, dirty calcareous water. As he took it, a man stood by his side with a calabash of fresh water, and the moment he had swallowed the intoxicating dose, he seized the calabash, and drank a hearty draught of the water, to remove the unpleasant taste and burning effect of the *ava*."

the king, the small district of Kukuwau, situated on the centre of Waiakae bay, resided not far from Maaro's house. They had one child, a fine little boy. A quarrel arose between them on one occasion respecting this child. The wife refusing to accede to the wishes of the husband, he, in revenge, caught up the child by the head and the feet, broke its back across his knee, and then threw it down in expiring agonies before her. Struck with the atrocity of the act, Mr. Young seized the man, led him before the king, Tamehameha, who was then at Waiakae, and requested that he might be punished. The king inquired, 'To whom did the child he has murdered belong?' Mr. Young answered, that it was his own son. 'Then,' said the king, 'neither you nor I have any right to interfere; I cannot say any thing to him.'

"We have long known that the Sandwich Islanders practised infanticide, but had no idea of the extent to which it prevailed, until we had made various inquiries during our present tour, and had conversed with Karaimoku Kapiolani, the governor, and several other chiefs, who, though formerly unwilling to converse on the subject, have, since their reception of Christianity, become more communicative.

"It prevails throughout all the islands, and, with the exception of the higher class of chiefs, is, as far as we could learn, practised by all ranks of the people. However numerous the children among the lower orders, parents seldom rear more than two or three, and many spare only one; all the others are destroyed, sometimes shortly after birth, generally during the first year of their age.

"The means by which it is accomplished, though numerous, it would be improper to describe. Kuakini, the governor of the island, in a conversation I had with him at Kairua, enumerated many different methods, several of which frequently proved fatal to the mother also. Sometimes they strangle their children, but more frequently bury them alive.

"Among the Society Islanders, who, while they were idolaters, probably practised infanticide more than any other natives in the Pacific, if the intended victim only survived one day, and frequently not more than a few hours, it was generally saved. Depraved as they were, they could not afterwards sacrifice to a barbarous custom an innocent babe, who seemed to look with confidence to its mother or its nurse, and unconsciously smiled on those who stood by: hence the parties interested in the child's destruction, which were the parents themselves, or their relations, generally strangled it soon after its birth. But among the Sandwich Islanders, the infant, after living a week, a month, or even a year, was still insecure, as some were destroyed when nearly able to walk.

"It is painful to think of the numbers thus murdered. All the information we have been able to obtain, and the facts that have come to our knowledge in the neighbourhood where we resided, afford every reason to believe, that, from the prevalence of infanticide, two-thirds of the children perished. We have been told by some of the chiefs, on whose word we can depend, that they have known parents to murder three or four infants where they have spared one. But even supposing that not more than half the children were thus cut off, what an awful spectacle of depravity is presented! How many infants must have been annually sacrificed to a custom so repugnant to all the tenderest feelings of humanity, that,

* Viz. 1st, Hawaii, 97 miles by 78, contains 4,000 square miles; 2d, Maui, 48 by 29 = 600 square; 3d, Taharawa, 11 by 8 = 60; 4th, Ranai, 17 by 9 = 100; 5th, Morokai, 40 by 7 = 170; 6th, Oahu, 46 by 23 = 520; 7th, Taui, 33 by 20 = 520; 8th, Niihau, 20 by 7 = 80; and the two barren rocks called Taura and Morakini. They are all of obvious volcanic origin, and consist of little else than lava, in various states of decomposition.

without the clearest evidence, we should not believe it would be found in the catalogue of human crimes!

"The reasons they give for this practice manifest a degree of depravity no less affecting. Among the Marquesians, who inhabit a group of islands to the south-east of Hawaii, we are told that children are sometimes, during seasons of extreme scarcity, killed and eaten by their parents, to satisfy hunger. With the Society Islanders, the rules of the Aerei institution, and family pride, were the principal motives to its practice. If the rank or family of the mother was inferior to that of the father, his relations or friends usually destroyed the child. More frequently, however, the mother's rank was superior to that of the father. In this case, her relations, in order to avoid the degradation which they supposed it would entail on their family or class in society, almost invariably murdered the child. The regulations of the Aerei society were not only abominable and vicious, but exceedingly cruel, and, excepting the chiefs, no member was allowed to be a parent. Any woman belonging to them, who should suffer one of her offspring to live, would be immediately expelled. The reason generally assigned for this was, that nursing children quickly diminished the personal charms of the mother. Excepting the latter, which operates in a small degree, none of these motives actuate the Sandwich Islanders; those, however, by which they are influenced, are equally criminal. Some of the natives have told us that children were formerly sacrificed to the sharks infesting their shores, and which through fear they had deified; but as we have never met with persons who have ever offered any, or seen others do it, this possibly may be only report. The principal motive, with the greater part of those who practise it, is *illness*; and the reason most frequently assigned, even by the parents themselves, for the murder of their children, is, *the trouble of bringing them up*. In general they are of a changeable disposition, fond of a wandering manner of life, and find their children a restraint, preventing them, in some degree, from following their roving inclinations. Like other savage nations, they are averse to any more labour than is absolutely necessary. Hence they consider their children a burden, and are unwilling to cultivate a little more ground, or undertake the small additional labour necessary to the support of their offspring during the helpless periods of infancy and childhood. In some cases, when the child has been sickly, and the parents have grown tired of nursing and attending it, they have been known, in order to avoid further attendance and care, to bury it at once; and we have been credibly informed, that children have been buried alive, merely because of the irritation they have discovered. On these occasions, when the child has cried more than the parents, particularly the mother, could patiently bear, instead of clasping the little sufferer to her bosom, and soothing by caresses the pains which, though unable to tell them, it has probably felt, she has, to free herself from this annoyance, stopped its cries by thrusting a piece of tapa into its mouth, dug a hole in the floor of the house, and, perhaps within a few yards of her bed, and the spot where she took her daily meals, has relentlessly buried, in the untimely grave, her helpless babe.

"The Society Islanders buried the infants they destroyed among the bushes, at some distance from their houses; but many of the infants in the Sandwich Islands are buried in

the houses in which both parents and child had resided together. In the floors, which are frequently of earth or pebbles, a hole is dug, two or three feet deep, into which they put the little infant, placed in a broken calabash, and having a piece of native cloth laid upon its mouth to stop its cries. The hole is then filled up with earth, and the inhuman parents themselves have sometimes joined in treading down the earth upon their own innocent but murdered child.

"The bare recital of these acts of cruelty has often filled our minds with horror, while those who have been engaged in the perpetration of them, have related all their tragical circumstances in detail with apparent unconcern."

We learn with gratification that this practice, abhorrent to nature, has ceased in the Society Islands since the introduction of Christianity; and it is to be hoped that the admonitions of the missionaries will soon produce a similar moral reformation in the Sandwich group. Further illustrations of these and other points will occur, however, as we proceed more regularly through with Mr. Ellis's volume, which is certainly a work of very considerable interest. Having resided six years in the Society and two in the Sandwich Islands, he acquired a knowledge of the language of great use in forming opinions and making correct observations on the inhabitants; and we may add that, notwithstanding his apology,* we have seldom met with a more unaffected, sensible, plain, and well-written narrative, than that which he has given to the public. We could perhaps have dispensed with the constant mention of morning and evening prayers, of "conducting" (a vile phrase) worship at this time and that, and the citation of every text on which they preached to the natives; but we must remember that the author was a missionary, and make allowances for these trifling exhibitions of his well-meant zeal. Yet we will adduce an instance of the thing which we cannot praise. At Kairua

"The governor entered freely into conversation on religious subjects, particularly respecting the resurrection of the body, the destruction of the heavens and the earth at the last day, and the final judgment. After listening attentively to what was said upon these subjects, he inquired about the locality of heaven and hell. He was told that we did not know where the one or the other was situated, as no mortal has ever returned from either, to tell mankind about them; and we only know, that there is a place called heaven, where God makes glorious manifestations of his perfections, and where all good men are perfectly happy; and that there is a place where wicked men are shut up in darkness, to endure endless misery. He then said, 'How do you know these things?' I asked for his Bible, and translated the passages, which inculcate the doctrine of the resurrection, &c., and told him it was from that book we obtained all our knowledge of these things; and that it was the contents of that book which we had come to teach the people of Hawaii. He then asked if all the people in our native countries were acquainted with the Bible. I answered, that from the abundant means of instruction enjoyed there, the greater portion of the people

* "The candid reader will pass over all the defects in the execution of the work, when assured that every pretension, except to a simple narrative of facts, is disclaimed: that it was prepared amidst a variety of engagements, and under the pressure of severe domestic affliction; and that the last ten years of my life have been so much devoted to the study of the uncultivated languages of the Pacific, that when most of it was written, they were more familiar than my native tongue."

had either read the book, or had in some other way become acquainted with its principal contents. He then said, 'How is it that such numbers of them swear, get intoxicated, and do so many things prohibited in that book?' He was told, that there was a vast difference between knowing the Word of God, and obeying it; and that it was most likely, those persons knew their conduct was displeasing to the God that made them, yet persisted in it because agreeable to their corrupt inclinations. He asked if God would not be angry with us for troubling him so frequently with our prayers. If he was like man, he said, he was sure he would. I replied that God was always 'waiting to be gracious,' more ready to hear than we were to pray; that indeed he was not like man, or his patience would have been exhausted long ago by the wickedness of men; but that he continued exercising long-suffering and forbearance towards sinners, that they might turn from their evil ways and live."

We confess that had we been the governor we should have been far from being satisfied by these explanations.

[To be continued.]

The Last of the Mohicans; a Narrative of 1757. By the Author of "The Spy," &c. 3 vols. J. Miller. London, 1826.

THIS is not the first time we have had to express our very cordial approval of Mr. Cooper's productions; and the volumes before us will, we think, do any thing but diminish the just reputation of the American novelists. Never was the character, the original and interesting character, of the native Indians so well, so truly, and so vividly drawn as in his pages. They are not heroes of romance, talking Cockney sentiment, as if taking a moonlight row in a boat from Battersea; but the real stern sons of the woods, whose wild passions, like race-horses, burst into fiercer flight for their temporary restraint: we feel their individuality. The narrative part of the present work is wrought up with unfluctuating interest; but certainly the skill with which the characters are drawn and developed, is where the author's talents have been the most strikingly successful. The English scout, alias Hawk-eye, alias La Longue Carabine, is brought into admirable contrast with the simple, yet, in his way, generous David Gamut, the psalm-singer; and these, with the young, the generous, the heroic Uncas, would of themselves be sufficient to establish the fame of any novelist. In a work like this, it is as difficult to make one circumscribed extract give an idea of the interest of the narrative, as for one sketch, taken from a particular point of view, to image forth the whole landscape; and the scene from which our quotation is made is only one among many of similar attraction.

We should premise that Cora, Alice, and Major Heyward, have been taken prisoners by some Indians, and La Longue Carabine, Uncas, and his father Chingachgook, follow them to attempt their rescue.

"Then die!" shouted Magua, hurling his tomahawk with violence at the unresisting speaker, and gnashing his teeth with a rage that could no longer be bridled, at this sudden exhibition of firmness in the one he believed the weakest of the party. The axe cleaved the air in front of Heyward, and cutting some of the flowing ringlets of Alice, buried itself, and quivered in the tree above her head. The sight maddened Duncan to desperation. Collecting all his energies in one effort, he snapped the twigs which bound him, and

rushed upon another savage, who was preparing, with loud yells and a more deliberate aim, to repeat the blow. They encountered, grappled, and fell to the earth together. The naked body of his antagonist afforded Heyward no means of holding his adversary, who glided from his grasp, and rose again with one knee on his chest, pressing him down with the weight of a giant. Duncan already saw the knife gleaming in the air, when a whistling sound swept past him, and was rather accompanied than followed by the sharp crack of a rifle. He felt his breast relieved from the load it had endured; he saw the savage expression of his adversary's countenance change to a look of vacant wildness; and then the Indian fell prostrate and dead on the faded leaves by his side.

"The Hurons stood aghast at this sudden visitation of death on one of their band. But as they regarded the fatal accuracy of an aim which had dared to immolate an enemy at so much hazard to a friend, the name of 'La Longue Carabine' burst simultaneously from every lip, and was succeeded by a wild and a sort of plaintive howl. The cry was answered by a loud shout from a little thicket, where the incautious party had piled their arms; and, at the next moment, Hawk-eye, too eager to load the rifle he had regained, was seen advancing upon them, brandishing the clubbed weapon, and cutting the air with wide and powerful sweeps. Bold and rapid as was the progress of the scout, it was exceeded by that of a light and vigorous form, which, bounding past him, leaped, with incredible activity and daring, into the very centre of the Hurons, where it stood, whirling a tomahawk and flourishing a glittering knife, with fearful menaces, in front of Cora. Quicker than the thoughts could follow these unexpected and audacious movements, an image, armed in the emblematic panoply of death, stole, with the imaginary glidings of a spectre, before their eyes, and assumed a threatening attitude at the other's side. The savage tormentors recoiled before these warlike intruders, and uttered, as they appeared, in such quick succession, the often-repeated and peculiar exclamation of surprise, followed by the well-known and dreaded appellations of, 'Le Cerf Agile! Le Gros Serpent!'

"But the wary and vigilant leader of the Hurons was not so easily disconcerted. Casting his keen eyes around the little plain, he comprehended the nature of the assault at a glance, and encouraging his followers by his voice, as well as by his example, he unsheathed his long and dangerous knife, and rushed, with a loud whoop, upon the expecting Chingachgook. It was the signal for a general combat. Neither party had fire-arms, and the contest was to be decided in the deadliest manner; hand to hand, with weapons of offence, and none of defence.

"Uncas answered the whoop, and leaping on an enemy, with a single, well-directed blow of his tomahawk, cleft him to the brain. Heyward tore the weapon of Magua from the sapling, and rushed eagerly towards the fray. As the combatants were now equal in number, each singled an opponent from the adverse band. The rush and blows passed with the fury of a whirlwind and the swiftness of lightning. Hawk-eye soon got another enemy within reach of his arm, and with one sweep of his formidable weapon he beat down the slight and inartificial defences of his antagonist, crushing him to the earth with the weight of his blow. Heyward ventured to hurl the tomahawk he had seized, too ardent to await the moment of closing. It struck the Indian he had selected on the forehead, and checked for

an instant his onward rush. Encouraged by this slight advantage, the impetuous young man continued his onset, and sprang upon his enemy with naked hands. A single instant was sufficient to assure him of the rashness of the measure, for he immediately found himself fully engaged, with all his activity and courage, in endeavouring to ward the desperate thrusts made with the knife of the Huron. Unable longer to foil an enemy so alert and vigilant, he threw his arms about him, and succeeded in pinning the limbs of the other to his side with an iron grasp, but one that was far too exhausting to himself to continue long. In this extremity he heard a voice near him shouting, 'Extirminate the varlets! No quarter to an accursed Mingo!'

"At the next moment, the breech of Hawk-eye's rifle fell on the naked head of his adversary, whose muscles appeared to wither under the shock, as he sunk from the arms of Duncan flexible and motionless.

"When Uncas had brained his first antagonist, he turned, like a hungry lion, to seek another. The fifth and only Huron disengaged at the first onset had paused a moment, and then seeing that all around him were employed in the deadly strife, he had sought, with hellish vengeance, to complete the baffled work of revenge. Raising a shout of triumph, he had sprung towards the defenceless Cora, sending his keen axe as the dreadful precursor of his approach. The tomahawk grazed her shoulder, and cutting the withes which bound her to the tree, left the maiden at liberty to fly. She eluded the grasp of the savage, and, reckless of her own safety, threw herself on the bosom of Alice, striving, with convulsed and ill-directed fingers, to tear asunder the twigs which confined the person of her sister. Any other than a monster would have relented at such an act of generous devotion to the best and purest affection; but the breast of the Huron was a stranger to any sympathy in the moments of his fury. Seizing Cora by the rich tresses which fell in glossy confusion about her form, he tore her from her frantic hold, and bowed her down with brutal violence to her knees. The savage drew the flowing curls through his hand, and raising them on high with an outstretched arm, he passed the knife around the exquisitely moulded head of his victim, with a taunting and exulting laugh. But he purchased this moment of fierce gratification with the loss of the fatal opportunity. It was just then the sight caught the eye of Uncas. Bounding from his footsteps, he appeared for an instant darting through the air, and descending in a ball he fell on the chest of his enemy, driving him, for many yards from the spot, headlong and prostrate. The violence of the exertion cast the young Mohican at his side. They arose together, fought, and bled each in his turn. But the conflict was soon decided; the tomahawk of Heyward and the rifle of Hawk-eye descending on the skull of the Huron at the same moment that the knife of Uncas reached his heart.

"The battle was now entirely terminated, with the exception of the protracted struggle between Le Reynard Subtil and Le Gros Serpent. Well did these barbarous warriors prove that they deserved those significant names, which had been bestowed for deeds in former wars. When they engaged, some little time was lost in eluding the quick and vigorous thrusts which had been aimed at their several lives. Suddenly darting on each other, they closed, and came to the earth, twisted

together, like twining serpents, in pliant and subtle folds. At the moment when the victors found themselves unoccupied, the spot where these experienced and desperate combatants lay could only be distinguished by a cloud of dust and leaves, which moved from the centre of the little plain towards its boundary, as if raised by the passage of a whirlwind. Urged by the different motives of filial affection, friendship, and gratitude, Heyward and his companions rushed with one accord to the place, encircling the little canopy which hung above the warriors. In vain did Uncas dart around the cloud, with a wish to strike his knife into the heart of his father's foe; the threatening rifle of Hawk-eye was raised and suspended in vain; while Duncan endeavoured to seize the limbs of the Huron with hands that appeared to have lost their power. Covered, as they were, with dust and blood, the swift and subtle evolutions of the combatants seemed to incorporate their bodies into one. The death-like looking figure of the Mohican, and the dark form of the Huron, gleamed before their eyes in such quick and confused succession, that the friends of the former knew not where nor when to plant their succouring blows. It is true, there were short and fleeting moments, when the fiery eyes of Magua were seen glittering, like the fabled organs of the basilisk, through the dusky wreath by which he was enveloped, and he read by those short and deadly glances the fate of the combat in the hated countenances and in the presence of his enemies; ere, however, any hostile hand could descend on his devoted head, its place was filled by the scowling visage of Chingachgook. In this manner, the scene of the combat was removed from the centre of the little plain to its verge. The Mohican now found an opportunity to make a powerful thrust with his knife; Magua suddenly relinquished his grasp, and fell backward, without motion, and seemingly without life. His adversary leaped on his feet, making the arches of the forest ring with the sounds of his shout of triumph.

"'Well done for the Delawares! victory to the Mohican!' cried Hawk-eye, once more elevating the butt of the long and fatal rifle; 'a finishing blow from a man without a cross will never tell against his honour, nor rob him of his right to the scalp!'

"But, at the very moment when the dangerous weapon was in the act of descending, the subtle Huron rolled swiftly from beneath the danger over the edge of the precipice, and falling on his feet, was seen leaping, with a single bound, into the centre of a thicket of low bushes which hung along its sides. The Delawares, who had believed their enemy dead, uttered their exclamation of surprise, and were following with speed and clamour, like hounds in open view of the deer, when a shrill and peculiar cry from the scout instantly changed their purpose, and recalled them to the summit of the hill.

"'Twas like himself!' cried the inveterate forester, whose prejudices contributed so largely to veil his natural sense of justice in all matters which concerned the Mingoes; 'a lying and deceitful varlet as he is! An honest Delaware now, being fairly vanquished, would have laid still and been knocked on the head; but these knavish Maguas cling to life like so many cats-o'-the mountain. Let him go—let him go; 'tis but one man, and he without either rifle or bow, many a long mile from his French comrades; and, like a rattler that has lost his fangs, he can do no

arther mischief until such time as he, and we too, may leave the prints of our moccasins over a long reach of sandy plain. See, Uncas," he added, in Delaware, "your father is flaying the scalps already! It may be well to go round and feel the vagabonds that are left, or we may have another of them loping through the woods, and screeching like any jay that has been winged!"

"So saying, the honest, but implacable scout, made the circuit of the dead, into whose senseless bosoms he thrust his long knife with as much coolness as though they had been so many brute carcasses. He had, however, been anticipated by the elder Mohican, who had already torn the emblems of victory from the unresisting heads of the slain.

"But Uncas, denying his habits, we had almost said his nature, flew with instinctive delicacy, accompanied by Heyward, to the assistance of the sisters, and quickly releasing Alice, placed her in the open arms of Cora. We shall not attempt to describe the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events which glowed in the bosoms of the lovely maidens, who were thus unexpectedly restored to life and to each other. Their thanksgivings were deep and silent; the offerings of their gentle spirits, burning brightest and purest on the secret altars of their hearts; and their renovated and more earthly feelings exhibiting themselves in long and fervent, though speechless caresses. As Alice arose from her knees, where she had sunken by the side of Cora, she threw herself on the bosom of her sister, and sobbed aloud the name of their aged father, while her soft, dove-like eyes sparkled with the rays of revived hope, the intelligence with which they beamed partaking more of the ethereal than of any expression which might belong to human infirmity."

This powerful and striking scene is only on a par with the rest of the story. If unabating interest, vivid portraiture of character, most admirable scenic description—if these are criterions of talents, we may then most cordially recommend the *Last of the Mohicans* to our readers.

Nicholas's Testamenta Vetusta.*

WHEN, a few weeks since, we introduced these volumes to public notice, we gave the intimation which their various merits demanded, that we should shortly return to them for the purpose of enriching our pages with a more digested analysis of their contents; and to this pleasing and not unedifying duty we now direct our pen.

A multitude of wills, from the time of the Second Henry to the accession of Elizabeth, embracing a period of more than three centuries and a half, (1182 to 1545,) could not fail to elicit an immense number of facts, to illustrate the ceremonies, feelings, manners, characters, domestic habits, and outward bearing of our ancestors; and this publication is, accordingly, a treasure in this kind. It is also extremely useful for the correction of family genealogies, and well calculated to throw a light upon many dark points in philology. Nor is it altogether unimportant as a guide to lead us from the generalisations and theories of History to the simple truth concerning men and things: of this, Henry VII. claiming the crown by right of conquest, and not by descent or marriage; and Edward, Duke of York, the grandson of Edward III., appearing to be just

and grateful, instead of the villain *nulla virtute redemptum* painted by Hume, are remarkable examples. But in the other matters alluded to, the *Testamenta* testimonies are more copious; and some of these we shall endeavour to class, without however going minutely into them all, or even into all the particulars of those we select for review.

It is strange to contemplate the anxious care with which some individuals prescribed their funeral rites to the most minute details; how others lavished their property to purchase prayers for their souls' "health;" how others mingled up the mention of their mortal sins with very pious oburgations, and the burning of lights to saints or making coffins for their bones; and how others, again, devoted large sums to works of utility, such as repairing bridges and highways, granting releases for debts, endowing alms-houses, clothing and feeding the poor, and other charities. The remembrances by gift of furniture, plate, rings, books, clothes, armour, &c. &c., are also of a singular description, and an entire epitome under each of these heads would be extremely curious. Of all the parts, however, there is none which challenges reflection more than the vast amount bequeathed by persons of every rank and station to the church. After the middle of the fifteenth century, to be sure, such bequests began to diminish in frequency and extent; though even so late as the 16th century we find "no song no supper"—no legacy no prayers, still the creed and practice. Thus Alderman Sir Henry Colet, knight, leaves "to the high altar of the parish church of St. Antony, of London, whereof I am now a parishioner, for my tithes and oblations forgotten or negligently withholden, if any such be, in discharging of my conscience, as I know none so to be, and to the intent the curate there pray for my soul, xs.; to the high altar of the parish church of Stebunhithe to the like intent xs.; also I will that my executors, as soon as they may goodly after my decease, provide and ordain two honest chaplains of good name and fame and honest conversation, that one to sing and say mass, and other divine service daily, when he is disposed, in the parish church of Stebunhithe, and the other in the parish church of St. Antony aforesaid, and to pray especially for my soul, the souls of my father and mother, and of my children, and for all Christian souls, by the space of fifteen years next following after my decease, and that either of the same chaplains have for their labour yearly, during the said fifteen years, viii. s. viii. d."

Alas, if they were supposed to be efficacious, how many prayers, and masses, and trentalls, and *de profundis*, and lamps, to be said, sung, or burnt "for ever," have ceased to be remembered!! The poor wretches who fancied that by founding such religious ceremonies they might wipe out or the sooner repair the sinful deeds done in the flesh, were sorely mistaken: and the souls which depended much upon them near the era of the Reformation, which extinguished them all, must be deemed very ill-used souls.—Have prayers on their behalf been instituted by those who continue to profess the same faith?

Richard, Earl of Warwick, who died 1439, directs as follows:—

"I will that, in the chapel where my body be buried, three masses be sung every day, so long as the world shall endure; one of Our Lady with note, according to the Ordinale Sarum; the second without notes of requiem, viz. the Sunday of the Trinity, the Monday of

the Angels, the Tuesday of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the Wednesday of the Holy Ghost, the Thursday of Corpus Christi, the Friday of the Holy Cross, and the Saturday of the Annunciation of Our Lady; for the performance of which I devise xl. pounds of land per annum."

The famous Cardinal Beaufort's is another remarkable instance of faith in posthumous services.

"I will that every day three masses be celebrated for my soul by three monks of that church, in the chapel of my sepulture. And that the name of Henry Cardinal be pronounced. . . I will that ten thousand masses be said for my soul as soon as possible after my decease, namely, three thousand of requiem, three thousand *de orate celi desuper*, three thousand of the Holy Ghost, and one thousand of the Trinity. I will that the prior of my said church of Winchester, and the convent of the same, have *cccl.*, and my better cup and patten, and my vestment embroidered, which I bought of Hugh Dyke, on condition that none should use the vestment but the Bishop of Winchester, or whoever may officiate in presence of the king, queen, and king's eldest son. I remit to the abbey and convent of St. Augustine beyond Canterbury, *ccclxviii. xiiii. s. iiii. d.* which they owe me, on condition that they cause my name to be inserted in three masses daily."

Observe the anxiety of Sir Thomas Wyndham, knight, a gallant admiral, who attended Henry VIII. to the field of the Cloth of Gold: he died in 1522, and his will proves that, then, the superstitious feelings common to the darkest ages were, in some cases, as prominent as ever. It has the following among other curious passages:—

"My merciful Redemer, Maker, and Saviour, I trust that by the special grace and mercy of thy blessed mother, ever virgin, our Lady Mary, in whom, after the in this mortal lyfe, hath ben my moost singular trust and confidence, to whom in all my necessities I have made my contynual refuge, and by whom I have hitherto ever had my special comfort and releef; will in my moost extreme nede, of her infinite pity, take my soule into her hands, and hit present unto her moost dere Sonne. Also, to the singular mediators and prayers of all the holy company of hevyn, aungells, archaungells, patriarches, prophets, apostells, evangelists, martyres, confessours, and virgynes; and specially to myn accustomed advourrys [his tutelal patrons], I call and crye, Saint John Evangelist, Saint George, Saint Thomas of Canterbury, Saint Margaret, Saint Kateryn, and Saint Barbara, humbly beseeche you, that not onlye at the houre of deth, soo too ayde, socour, and defend me, that the auncient and goostly enemy, nor noon other yll or dampnabell spirite, have power to invade me, nor with his tereableness to anoye me; but also with your holy prayers to be intercessorie and mediatrice unto my Maker and Redemer, for the remyssion of my synnes, and salvacon of my soule. . . And in any wyse, I woll have a sermon made by a doctor of divinitie at the mass of requiem. Also I will have immediatlie after my decease, as shortly as may be possible, a xi. masses to be said within the cite of Norwich, and other places, within the shire of Norfolk; whereof I will have, in the honor of the blissed Trinitie, one hundreth; in honor of the five wounds of our Saviour Jhu Crist, one hundreth; in honor of the five joys of our blissed Lady, one hundreth; in the honor of the nine orders of aungells, one hun-

dreth; in the honor of the patriarchs, one hundredth; in the honor of the twelve apostles, one hundredth; in the honor of all saints, one hundredth; of requiem, one hundredth; in the honor of St. John the Evangelist, thirty; in the honor of St. George, forty; in the honor of St. Thomas of Canterbury, thirty; in the honor of St. Margaret, forty; in the honor of St. Kateryn, thirty; and of St. Barbara, thirty; which maketh the whole nombr of x masses."

This is being tolerably precise and particular; Henry, Lord Marney, of the same period, is equally so. "I will," he says, "that a new almshouse be made, and set up with five partitions, for five poor men, and one common kitchen for them all, the walls to be made with brick, roofed with timber, and tiled; also a ground for a garden place, to be closed with a brick wall; and that the said poor men shall have yearly twenty loads of wood in their yard, out of the profits of my lands, and each of them toward his maintenance x*d*. every week, and against the feast of St. Michael the archangel one gown of russet frise, ready made; also that every of the said five poor men shall be such as shall say at the least their paternoster, ave, and creed in Latin; for the which wages and salary, I will that every morning at their up-rising they shall say for the souls of Sir Robert Marney, knight, and his wife, Sir John Marney, my father, and Jane his wife, also for the souls of Thomasine and Elizabeth, my wives, of Thomas my son, and for the souls of all my children, five paternosters, five aves, and one creed, and every day go to the church of Leyr Marney, and there hear mass in the new chapel above mentioned; moreover, I will that at their first coming into the church every of them shall kneel down before the sacrament and say a paternoster and an ave, and then go to my tomb, and there kneeling down, say for my soul, and for the other souls above named, three paternosters, three aves, and one creed in worship of the Trinity; and then go down into the church, and there, in the time of mass or masses, or else before their departure from the said church, say for the before-named souls *Our Lady's Psalter*; and at night before their going to bed, every one of them to say, kneeling on their knees, five paternosters, five aves, and the creed, for the souls aforesaid; also I will that such of them as can say *De profundis* shall say it, in lieu of the said five paternosters, five aves, and one creed; also that every Wednesday and Friday they go into the church at afternoon, and there kneeling about my tomb, say for my soul and the souls aforesaid *Our Lady's Psalter*, and if any of them can say *Dirige*, I will that they say it in lieu of *Our Lady's Psalter*; also I will that my executors shall find two good and honest priests to say mass daily in the chapel aforesaid, and in their masses every day to say *De profundis* for my soul and the other souls before rehearsed; also every Sunday to say *Mass of the Nativity of our Lord*, and of the *Annunciation of Our Lady*; on Monday, of the *Holy Ghost* and of the *Nativity of our Lord*; on Tuesday, of the *Trinity* and the *Conception of Our Lady*; on Wednesday, of the *Resurrection and Purification*; on Thursday, of the *Corporal Christi* and the *Assumption of Our Lady*; on Friday, of the *Five Wounds* and of the *Cross*; on Saturday, of the *Omibus Sanctis et de Requie*; and I will that every Wednesday and Friday every of the said two priests shall say *Placebo*, *Dirige*, and *Commendations*, for my soul and other the souls before named; also I will that there shall be a chamber made over the said almshouse to

lodge these two priests, to the intent that these poor men might be the better guided and ordered, every of the said priests having yearly for his salary x marks."

Without dwelling on these common institutions of religious offices, to sing and pray for the deceased, we shall turn to another striking feature in the *Testamenta*, which strongly marks the manners of the times: we allude to the mention of illegitimate children. John, Lord Hanpohe, who married Henry IV.'s sister, leaves

"To John, my bastard son, now at Ampt-hill, ccc marks; and in case he should die before he attain the age of twenty-one, I will that Thomas, my other bastard son, shall have the said ccc marks."

Sir Thomas Bryan, 1495—

"I will that bread and drink be given to the prisoners in Newgate, the Fleet, Ludgate, King's Bench, and Marshalsea; to Elizabeth, my daughter, twelve silver spoons, which I received as part of my legacy of Lady Otteley, and x*l*. for her relief; Joan, my bastard daughter, late wife of Thomas Clement."

Sir Edward Howard, 1512, is yet more curious.

"My manor of Morley in Norfolk, which my wife hath for her life, paying yearly to the prior and convent of Ingham in Norfolk, to find a priest to sing for me and her at the altar there called St. Esprit; also whereas that I have two bastards, I give the king's grace the choice of them, beseeching his grace to be good lord to them, and that when he cometh of age he may be his servant, and him that the king's grace chuseth I bequeath him my bark called 'GENETT,' with all apparel and artillery, and *l*l**. to begin his stock with; the other I bequeath to my special trusty friend Charles Brandon, praying him to be good master unto him; and for because he hath no ship, I bequeath to him c marks to set him forward in the world."

Folks leave their children to the Lord Chancellor in our days: it would be a pretty joke if they were allowed to add their bastards to his Majesty's charge. Sir Edward Poyning's, a few years later than the foregoing, is more prolific and explicit. This is his will:

"My body to be buried in the parish church of Oston Hanger. Dame Isabel, my wife, who was daughter to Sir John Scott; to Dame Jane Clynton, late wife of Lord Thomas Clynton, one sparnar [*sparner*, a bed,] of silk, with curtains of the same; to the monastery of Muttenden St. Radegund, where I am founder, x*l*s**. to pray for my soul; William Scott my brother; I will that my feoffees stand enfeoffed of my manors of Ostenhanger, Borroughmersh, Estbridge, Salrewood, Lyn'sson, and Sellinge besides Horton the Monks, for twelve years to the use of Edward Thwaites, my servant, and after to the use of Thomas, my bastard son, his heirs; remainder to Adrian, my bastard son, and his heirs; remainder to Edward, my other bastard son."

For the present we shall conclude with a testament rendered more interesting by the demolition of the place of sepulture to which it refers.

"Ann Holland, Dutchess of Exeter, April 20, 1457. My body to be buried in the chapel of the chancel of the church of St. Katherine beside the Tower of London, where the corpse of my lord and husband is buried; and I forbid my executors to make any great feast, or to have a solemn hearse, or any costly lights, or largess of liveries, according to the glory or vain pomp of the world, at my funeral, but

only to the worship of God, after the discretion of Mr. John Pynchebeke, Doctor in Divinity, one of my executors. To the Master of St. Katherine's, if he be present at the dirige and mass on my burial day, vi*s*. viii*d*.; to every brother of that college being then present iiii*s*. iv*d*.; to every priest of the same college then present x*d*.; to every clerk then present xii*d*.; to every choirster vi*d*.; to every sister then present x*d*.; to every bede-man of the said place viii*d*. I will that my executors find an honest priest to say mass and pray for my soul, my lord's soul, and all Christian souls, in the chapel where my body be buried, for the space of seven years next after my decease; and that for so doing he receive every year xii marks, and daily to say placebo, dirige, and mass, when so disposed. Proved May 15, 1458."

Her very dust has within these three months been scattered to the winds, and trodden under feet among the filth of Wapping. Well might she forbid the vain pomp of the world; but could she have foreseen it, she must have shuddered at the unhallowed indignity to which her relics have been exposed.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Sabbath; being a familiar Exposition of its Duties, &c. By the Rev. J. C. Packman, Priest in Ordinary of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, and Rector of Langdon Hills, Essex. 12mo. pp. 87. Rivingtons.

WE like much better the inculcations of the Sabbath's duties in this little volume than some of its deductions from the Old and New Testaments, which sometimes, as it appears to us, prove too much, and sometimes not enough. The Sabbath is a day of rest, in the best of senses; of moral relaxation and virtuous enjoyment. To mark it by austerity and monkish sourness is to make divine worship painful. *Est modus in rebus* applies even to eternal concerns, unless we are prepared to go the length of utter seclusion from the world as anchorites.

Morning Meditations; or, A Series of Reflections on various Passages of Holy Scripture, and Scriptural Poetry for Every Day in the Year. Second edition, 12mo. pp. 366. London. J. Nisbet.

A CHRISTIAN publication of seemingly great fervour. There is, however, no connexion (indeed there could not be throughout) between the daily dates and the prayers, musings, or meditations placed beneath them. When they are so we do not always find the most apposite language: thus, under Christmas-day, the Virgin Mother is styled "a poor pious woman." The writer is extremely hostile to Socinianism and Antinomianism, and often hits at both sects, not only in observations, but in petitions to Heaven.

The Opinions of an Old Gentleman on several Moral and Religious Subjects. 18mo. pp. 157. Same Publisher.

Is another small religious tract, and deserves well to be put into the hands of youth. Seventy-five years have not made the writer a dull and wearisome lecturer; on the contrary, his counsels are conveyed in an unusually cheerful and entertaining manner. Dialogue and story enforce some useful precepts, which they, at the same time, render pleasant and amusing to the reader.

Poems, principally on Sacred Subjects. By the Rev. Robt. Brown, Minister of St. Matthews, Isle of Man. 12mo. pp. 155. Same.

As a didactic poet Mr. Brown does not emerge

from the level part of Parnassus where Mediocrity dwells: he is, however, a sincere and well-meaning writer, and his themes are calculated to inspire good moral feelings, though they are not models of poetical composition.

Fancy's Sketch; or Gems of Poetry and Wit. 18mo. pp. 152. By Paul Pry the Younger. London, Cowie and Co.; and Creasy and Baker, Brighton.

WE ought to think this a good collection of the good things of the day, for a good deal of it is taken from our Gazette. It is, however, a very merry little book, made up from a number of passing sources, with a fund of anecdotes, jests, epigrams, and poetical pieces of various merit. The press is rather slovenly in some instances, but seldom so as to impair the meaning or point of the passage.

The Theory of the Infantry Movements. By the Author of "The British Drill." 3 vols. 8vo., with a book of plates. London, 1826. Sams.

THIS, we have no doubt, is a work of much practical value; and, indeed, distinguished British officers have spoken to us very highly of Baron Suasso's ample publication. We are only able to say so much; for, notwithstanding that we are expert and experienced Reviewers, and have the word of command, we own that this is too heavy a charge for our capacities. We therefore, though our columns are always open to merit, close files, without drawing out many lines; for which we trust our readers will not think we halt, or deserve a dressing, as if our offence were "rank." If we imagined that they would do so, we should certainly not march off in open order, but take at once to our wings and fly from their displeasure, without preserving any squares, or even firing a shot.

Sardinia.

THERE are few foreign countries of which so little is known in England as of Sardinia. It is said, however, that a work is in active preparation which will satisfactorily supply this deficiency in our information. The first volume of a History of Sardinia has been lately published at Turin, by the Chevalier J. Manno, private secretary to his Sardinian Majesty. It is divided into five books. The first treats of the establishment in Sardinia, at various and uncertain periods, of Phenician, Greek, Etruscan, and Punic Colonies. The learned historian thinks that the first, driven out of Palestine, took refuge in the island of Sardinia; in proof of which opinion he quotes a Phenician inscription published by the Abbe Bevossi, in 1774, in the *Ephémérides de Rome*. The pyramids, called *Novaghes*, which are to be seen by hundreds in some parts of Sicily, and which are formed of square blocks of stone, M. Manno believes to be monumental, and of Phenician origin. Fortified by the authority of Strabo and Diodorus Siculus, he attributes the introduction of agriculture into the island to Aristides, and rejects the fables of Pausanias and Virgil on that subject.—In the second book the author speaks of the Punic Colonies, under the name of *Libici*. According to him, the Carthaginians conquered the island before the reign of Alexander the Great. He fixes the year of Rome 494 as that of the conquest of Sardinia by Scipio.—The various insurrections of the Sardinians, fomented by the Carthaginians, are detailed in the third book. The author establishes the year of Rome 526 as

that in which a Prætor was sent into the island, to whom was also intrusted the government of Corsica; and in the enumeration of the different battles with the Sardo-Carthaginians, he takes particular notice of that in which Asdrubal lost twelve thousand men.—In the fourth book, the historian shews the part which the Sardinians took in the civil wars of the Romans, and describes the charges which, in the year of Rome 700 were preferred against Marcus Scaurus, the Prætor of Sardinia; and he appears to consider it due to the honour of his country to refute the diatribes of Cicero against the Sardinians.—The fifth and last book of the volume details the system of legislation and government established by the Romans in this fertile island, (which served to feed the Roman people and armies) and the severe taxation imposed upon the inhabitants. The Chevalier Manno terminates this part of his work with an estimate of the ancient population of the island, which, he thinks, under the Roman republic, amounted to above two millions of souls; and with some remarks on the union of the Sardinian with the Latin idiom, out of which the existing language has grown.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

THE Sun enters Taurus the 20th day, 3 hrs. 43 minutes; his true place in the heavens will be 6 degrees due south of the star Mesarthim, in the head of the Ram.

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus	7	13	45
Mercury	8	13	0
♂ in Aries	9	13	0
Saturn	12	1	0
Jupiter	18	23	45
Mars	22	21	45
♂ Capricornus	28	1	0

4th day, Mercury will attain his greatest elongation, and may be seen for a short time after sunset. 12th day, stationary.

Venus has past her full, and is now approaching to a gibbous form. She will soon be visible as an evening star.

"From chambers brighter than the day,
Star of the evening, thou dost come,
To gild with glory's opening ray
The front of heaven's imperial dome."

Mars is now in his most favourable situation for observation, and appears as a star of the first magnitude; a good telescope will shew the white spots at his poles, which are supposed to be masses of snow remaining there unmelted, this planet having a closer resemblance to our earth, in its constitution, than any other in the system. We would again refer our astronomical readers to the opposition of Mars on the 4th of May following, and hope that some may be induced to take the relative position of this planet a few days previous and succeeding the day referred to. (See Celestial Phenomena for February.)

Some of the configurations of the satellites of Jupiter will this month be of a most remarkable nature; on the 15th day, 10 hrs. all the satellites, excepting the second, will be hidden by the primary; and on the 22d, at the same hour, the first and third will be behind, and the second on the disk. In the year 1681, November the 2d, 10 hrs., a total disappearance of all Jupiter's satellites at once was observed; he then appeared solitary, as it were deserted by his guards; and a jocose writer of that period says, "a bold Lucian might have pulled him from his throne without resistance." Supposing these satellites to have been once in

conjunction, it would require 3,087,043,493,300 years to bring them in conjunction again.

The ring of Saturn has now the following proportions:—

Transverse axis 1.000

Conjugate axis 0.502

14th day, noon. Uranus in quadrature. 28th day, stationary.

The present month will be singularly favourable for seeing all the superior planets.

Deftford.

J. T. B.

ARTIFICIAL ANATOMY.

SINCE the year 1822 the English students have been much interested in the progress of an attempt made by Dr. Auzoux, of Paris, to produce artificial preparations that might be substituted in lieu of dissections. That young physician, with an ingenuity which constantly developed new resources, and a perseverance that has merited for him the assistance of the French government, has at length succeeded in obtaining a material of a vegetable nature, nearly as hard as wood, but less frangible, which can be moulded into the most delicate forms which the human body assumes in its various parts. The artificial subject which, during the year 1825, he has been able to perfect, is constructed in such a manner that it represents every thing relative to anatomy; muscles, veins, arteries, viscera, bones, &c., and all displayed in their natural colours. Over the whole is placed a covering made to represent the skin. Upon removing the skin, the subcutaneous veins, and the superficial layer of muscles, become visible. Then, by removing each muscle separately (and with it the vessels and nerves that cover its surface), the subjacent parts are laid open: these being detached, the naked skeleton is seen, retaining only a few muscles and vessels which it would be useless to remove. Each part is marked with a number and letters, referring to a synoptical table; so that it can be used without a demonstrator, and by this ingenious contrivance we may study all the parts of which the body is composed, and learn their situation, size, shape, and functions. The brain can be taken out of the skull, and, by means of the sections, examined to its inmost recesses. The eye being laid open displays its muscles, vessels, nerves, and membranes, the transparent parts imitated in glass,—even the central artery of the retina. Dr. Auzoux's labour is evidently calculated to simplify the study of anatomy; and in this country, where subjects for dissection are not obtained without much difficulty, it might be resorted to for all the preliminary instruction. It will never supersede the use of the human subject; but it will supply its place where it cannot be obtained, and will spare the laborious student the necessity of remaining too long in the dissecting room, from which so many injurious consequences arise. Besides this, the physician who is desirous of investigating the state of a diseased organ; the surgeon who wishes to remove a doubt before he performs an operation, will both find in the artificial subject an invaluable resource. The assistance that it will render to the Fine Arts, is not, perhaps, the least of its merits. Anatomical drawings present surfaces only, whereas we have here the very reliefs themselves. Such a subject might have been placed with advantage in Mr. Green's lecture-room, at the Royal Academy. It will, moreover, promote the study of anatomy among many persons who do not intend to follow medicine as a profession, and who now shrink from the idea of a dissecting knife. Henceforward we shall probably find fewer persons acquainted with every other subject except their own organisation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 25.—On Saturday last, being the last day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law—Rev. R. Conington, M.A., Lincoln College, grand compounder.
Masters of Arts—Rev. E. Bosanquet, Corpus College, grand compounder; W. W. Berry, Exeter College; Rev. H. Rookin, Tabernacle of Queen's College; Rev. A. Drummond, Balliol College.
Bachelors of Arts—G. Wylie, S. Bellas, Tabernacle of Queen's College; A. Stowey, Christ Church; E. L. Davies, Jesus College; C. H. Maclean, Balliol College.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

FROM the more general encouragement given to landscape and subjects of familiar life, our remarks have necessarily fallen on these classes; or rather we have had less opportunity afforded us for commenting on the historical and classic in art. Most of the subjects of this superior order, indeed, have been furnished from former exhibitions, and have already had their notice in the *Literary Gazette*; but we cannot, however, see them again and again brought before the public, without lamenting that such able productions should still remain merely objects of unprofitable admiration, and proofs of the perseverance and unrequited devotedness of the Artists.

Under existing circumstances there has been a considerable sale for works of art in the present exhibition; a very small portion, however, of that encouragement has been extended to the historic or classic department, and we trust it will not be considered in any way derogatory to the talents of others who have yielded themselves to the more elevated class of painting, if we once more single out Mr. Etty's distinguished and energetic performance as peculiarly deserving of reward. How discouraging must it be to the young and emulous painter to see this exalted work remain without a purchaser? how can he hope that his own talents, in the same walk of art, shall be either appreciated or rewarded?

We have found it always beneficial to our native school to record the names of those friends who promote its interests—it is an honourable distinction to them, and a good example to others. We therefore add a list of the pictures sold this season, and of their purchasers; hoping that before the gallery closes we may have a weighty appendix.

Subjects.	Artists' Names.	Purchasers.
<i>The Trial of Lord William Russell</i>	(G. Hayter.)	The Duke of Bedford.
<i>Orleans</i>	(M.A.S.L.)	ford.
<i>Interior of a Highland Cottage</i>	G. Jones, R.A.	Ditto.
<i>An Italian Scene</i>	Edwin Landseer	Ditto.
<i>Gleanings for an Epitaph</i>	Wm. Linton	Ditto.
<i>A Forest Scene</i>	H. Pidding	Ditto.
<i>A Light Breeze</i>	J. G. Strutt	Ditto.
	J. Wilson	The Duke of Norfolk.
<i>Deep Study</i>	G. S. Newton	The Marquess of Stafford.
<i>A Fisherman</i>	T. S. Good	Ditto.
<i>The Church of St. Owen, Rouen</i>	C. R. Stanley	Ditto.
<i>Rest near Richmond</i>	G. Hilditch	Ditto.
<i>Christ filling his Cross</i>	J. Northcote, R.A.	Earl Grosvenor.
<i>A Landscape</i>	P. Reinagle, R.A.	Ditto.
<i>A Boat</i>	(G. Hayter.)	The Earl of Caryfort.
<i>A River Scene</i>	John Wilson	Ditto.
<i>Landscape</i>	John Akers	Ditto.
<i>View on the Coast of Kent</i>	John Ward	Ditto.
<i>Dead Game</i>	Edw. Landseer	Lord F. Leveson Gower.
<i>The Conventual</i>	W. Mulready, R.A.	Lord Northwick.
<i>One of the Chapels of the Church of St. Jacques</i>	D. Roberts	Ditto.
<i>Battle of Cambray</i>	M. W. Sharp	Lord Dechlorst.

<i>French Coast</i>	R. P. Bonington.	Countess de Grey.
<i>Derwent Water</i>	T. C. Hoffland	Ditto.
<i>The Shower</i>	H. Singleton	Ditto.
<i>Butcher's Boy and Sheep</i>	E. Bristow	Rev. Wm. Long.
<i>Dead Deer and Highlander</i>	Edw. Landseer	Sir G. Warrender.
<i>Italian Boy</i>	R. Edmonstone	Ditto.
<i>French Coast Scene</i>	R. P. Bonington.	Ditto.
<i>Battle of Tewkesbury</i>	James Burton	Hon. W. Howard.
<i>Cathedral, Notre Dame, Rouen</i>	H. W. Burgess	Ditto.
<i>Group of Italian Boys</i>	R. Edmonstone	Alex. Baring, Esq.
<i>The Model of a Chimney in Bronze</i>	Chas. Garrard	N. W. Ridley Colbourne, Esq.
<i>A Market-boat on the Scheldt</i>	C. Stanfield	Francis Freeling, Esq.
<i>A Head</i>	Mrs. W. Carpenter	Ditto.
<i>Pharaoh's Submission</i>	B. R. Haydon	
<i>Do not wake her</i>	P. C. Wonder	Col. Hugh Baillie.
<i>A View in Sussex</i>	P. Nasmyth	Rev. Wm. Fennel.
<i>Solitude</i>	F. Danby	J. Gibbons, Esq.
<i>Windsor Forest</i>	John Linnell	John Ewer, Esq.
<i>A Lady wearing the Mantilla and Custom of Spain</i>	Miss A. Beaumont.	Colonel Utterson.
<i>Preparing for Market</i>	E. Bristow	Sir W. W. Wynne.
<i>The Love-Letter</i>	J. P. Davis	General Devereux.
<i>Affection</i>	Thomas Clater	T. Smith, Esq.
<i>View of Southampton</i>	John Linnell	Sir John F. Leicester, Bart.
<i>Study of an old Woman</i>	T. S. Good	Koch, Esq.
<i>Portrait approved</i>	John Clover	W. Beckford, Esq.
<i>Landscape: Sunset</i>	R. H. Hilditch	Wm. Seal, Esq.
<i>The Mouth of the Rother</i>	John Wilson	Wm. Hibbert, Esq.
<i>Summer</i>	A. Goddes	
<i>A Magdalen</i>	G. Hayter	
<i>The Wedding Ring</i>	Marcus Holmes	H. Meheux, Esq.
<i>A Study from Nature</i>	J. Martin	
<i>A ditto</i>	J. Martin	
<i>A Light Breeze</i>	G. Reinagle	S. Hibbert, Esq.
<i>Cattle going to Water</i>	F. Feilding	Ditto.
<i>Cattle</i>	E. Bristow	Robt. Vernon, Esq.
<i>The Lucky Fisherman</i>	Alexander Fraser	Ditto.
<i>The Dog and Shadow</i>	E. Landseer	J. Shepphanks, Esq.
<i>The Widow</i>	E. Landseer	W. E. Gosling, Esq.
<i>The Lady Elinor and her hawking Attendants</i>	R. B. Davis	James Goding, Esq.
<i>Cathedral and City of Fieschi, in the Island of Moleira</i>	James Burton	John Kay, Esq.
<i>Scene on the Beach</i>	Wm. Linton	Ditto.
<i>West of Hastings</i>	James Burton	Ditto.
<i>"Pity the Sorrows of a poor old Man"</i>	W. F. Witherington	G. Morant, Esq.
<i>The Children of Charles the First, restored to him at the time he was prisoner with the army</i>	F. P. Stephanoff	Ditto.
<i>The Laird of Milnwood improving his Morb in the old Oak Parour</i>	H. P. Parker	Mathew Bell, Esq.
<i>A Group of His Majesty's Stag Hounds</i>	T. F. Lewis	
<i>A Fresh Breeze</i>	John Wilson	Dr. Pritchett.
<i>The Pleaders</i>	F. P. Stephanoff	J. Major, Esq.
<i>Income</i>	F. Y. Hurlstone	E. Tyrrell, Esq.
<i>Hill House, the Seat of the Countess Dysart</i>	G. Hilditch	J. Stewart Wortley, Esq.

NOVELTIES IN THE FINE ARTS.

Sylvia Britannica; or, Portraits of Forest-Trees, distinguished for their Antiquity, Magnitude, or Beauty. Drawn from Nature, and Etched by Jacob G. Strutt. Folio. London, 1826. J. G. Strutt; Colnaghi; and Rodwell and Martin.

THIS is one of those works of art which do not merely charm the eye, but appeal forcibly to the imagination, and delight the mind. Of all the productions of nature, there are none with which so many agreeable and even affecting feelings are associated as with the trees of the forest, and especially with those remarkable specimens which historical or romantic circumstances have caused to be distinguished from their venerable compeers. Forty of such trees in England, and eight in Scotland, are figured in

Mr. Strutt's publication, from very clever drawings, which are freely etched, in a style well calculated "to preserve their characteristics and perpetuate their remembrance" when old time shall have mowed them down, like the Hainault Oak (preserved by the pencil of Girtin), or that of Epping Forest, under which generations of gipsies spread their canvass, and generations of citizens enjoyed their annual festival. The local details and anecdotes attached to many of these subjects are extremely curious and interesting. Of the Chipstead Elm, for instance, we learn that a yearly fair was held under its shade in the reign of Henry V.; of the Abbot's Oak at Woburn Abbey, (upon which are some sweet lines by Wiffen,) that it has stunted in its growth since the last abbot, Robert Hobb, was hanged on it by sentence of Henry VIII.; of the Elms at Mongewell (near the residence of the Bishop of Durham, in Oxfordshire), that the respected prelate, whose death happened only last week, had inscribed the following simple and affectionate lines on an urn in the centre of the group:—

"TO THE MEMORY
OF MY
TWO HIGHLY-VALUED FRIENDS,
THOMAS TYRWHYTT, ESQ.
AND
THE REV. C. M. CRACHERODE, M.A.

"In this once-favour'd walk, beneath these Elms,
Whose thick'ning foliage, to the solar ray
Impervious, sheds a venerable gloom,
Of in instructive converse we beguiled
The fervid time which each returning year
To Friendship's call devoted. Such things were;
But are, alas! no more."
S. DUNNELL.

The Shelton Oak, near Shrewsbury, is another antiquity allied to several traditionary stories. It is said that Owen Glendower ascended it to reconnoitre the army of Henry IV. previous to that combat which Shakspeare has made immortal. Its immense age is confirmed by title-deeds, and it is shewn that it was a tree famous for size a century and a half before the battle of Shrewsbury. The Tortworth Chestnut is probably the largest and oldest in this island. In the reign of Stephen, A.D. 1135, it was deemed remarkable for its size; and its existence at this period is adduced by Dr. Ducarel, in his dispute with Daines Barrington, as a proof that this tree was indigenous,—a native of Britain. If we allow three hundred years for its growing to maturity, we are carried back a thousand years, to the age of Egbert, for its infancy!!

But, in short, every ancient and gigantic tree has its legend or history; and these brief sketches will teach the possessors of this fine work to value its performances in art the more. Some of the etchings resemble the paintings by Waterloo very strikingly; in others, we thing there is occasionally too much laid upon the lights; but the whole are various, beautiful, and interesting; giving perfectly the character of every species, without those botanical details which do not belong to the picturesque and grand.

Birman Empire. Views taken near Rangoon. Parts II. and III. Clay.

How different a work is here! We turn from the peaceful shades of these memorable monarchs of the wood, which look as if nothing but calm existed in nature; and glancing over this portfolio, which represents the gallant sons of Britain nobly sustaining her renown in a distant and torrid climate,—the idea rises that earth is only covered with turmoil and bloodshed.—Of the first part of the publication we spoke in very laudatory terms when it appeared; and these two, containing twelve more

views, possess at least equal claims to engage public attention. They afford a complete notion of the climate and the scenery where our brave countrymen are engaged in an arduous contest; and of the minutiae of that contest itself,—the river attacks, the storming of stocades, the quartering in wonderful pagodas amid monstrous idols,—they convey a perfect picture. The forms and magnificence of the oriental temples—the hideous gods which are worshipped—and the daring deeds of British valour, displayed in such lively colours, render the publication uncommonly attractive.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams. Edinburgh. No. V. Hurst and Robinson.

ANOTHER scene, and again how dissimilar. In these pages the glorious remains of Greece are pictured with an exquisite taste; and we admire the perishing works of human art with feelings congenial to those which soothed us in contemplating the fading grandeur of Nature's productions. The present is perhaps the best Number which has yet been published of Mr. Williams's much-admired collection. The Academic Grove at Athens is most happily enriched by the introduction of appropriate figures: Mount Oleno is spirited and sublime; part of the Temple of Minerva is an imposing ruin (with a great owl!); Misitra is an excellent picture of the country, its buildings and landscapes; and Livadia, &c. equally admirable, though so unlike in composition. The engravings by Lizars, J. Horsburgh, and W. Miller, reflect credit on their burins.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A., Author of the "Antiquities of Oxfordshire." Folio. Part I. Oxford, J. Skelton; Parker: London, Arch; Booth; Carpenter and Son; Colnaghi; Longman and Co.; Major; Payne and Foss; Bristol, Frost and Norton; Bath, Upham; and Newcastle-on-Tyne, Charnley.

FROM the fine collection, after the drawings and with the descriptions of Dr. Meyrick, it is quite unnecessary to say that this publication bids fair to be at once a mine of wealth for the antiquary and a pleasing volume for the admirers of the arts. It contemplates giving about 150 plates of outline engravings, in 25 parts; and, judging by the specimen before us, we will answer for their accuracy, able execution, and general effect. The anachronisms so long tolerated in armorial descriptions and chivalrous tales; the gross ignorance of the subject; and the strange anomalies into which it led; need continue a stain to literature no longer, after the completion of this work. What seems fabulous in the exploits of knights and heroes may then be understood; for it will be visible that such mail-clad warriors, injured to hardships and fatigue, might well wear out a day of fight in slaughtering the unarmed herds around them. Indeed, we look for much information from Mr. Skelton's undertaking, especially grounded as it is on the efficient co-operation of Dr. Meyrick.

Captain Batty's Views on the Rhine. Part XII. Jennings.

THIS resembles its precursors in style and tasteful choice. The richly fretted Town-hall of Lovain, the Cathedral of Cologne (though partially obscured by houses in front), the splendid Cathedral of Antwerp, and a sweet moonlight of Bayen Thurm, are among its most prominent subjects. We need not repeat

how well done the work is altogether—the more additions are made to it, the more pleasing it becomes to range over its many and varied contents, which render the Neckar, Mayne, and Rhine, familiar to us, without stirring beyond our own threshold.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET TO MARCH.

PASS on, pass on, thou bleak and bitter foe—
With hollow, heartless smiles, like a false friend,
Thou fling'st a faithless gleam, and fain wouldst rend
The breast that opens to receive thy glow—
I hate thy paltry glitter, that e'en now
Shines like a coronet on a beggar's brow.
Thou gloomest—slow the falling drop appears,
As thou hudst bitter griefs, and wouldst impart
Some poor relief, but that thy niggard heart
Grudged e'en the wretched luxury of tears.
Thine iron hand is on me—must it be
That to so mean a foe I bend the knee?—
Pass on, pass on—I heed not life should flee;
But if I fall, let me not fall by thee!

W. L.

SERENADE.

AWAKE from slumber, Ellen dear!
'Tween hope and fear below I stay;
Awake! awake!—dispel my fear,
And, if thou lov'st me, come away!
See, from the brook that murmurs by,
The cloudless Moon reflected bright,
That, smiling from her throne, the sky,
Tempts thee to wander by her light!
Softly the fairy nectar falls,
And sweetly decks the pensile stems;—
O never shone, in lordly halls,
From "lady sweet," such stainless gems!
Come, dearest! come!—Upon the air,
Hark! hark! I hear the night-bird's lay,
That joins thy lover in his prayer—
O list thee, love! O list—obey!
Bland is the zephyr, and impress'd
With pilfer'd sweets from many a flower,
That now, to wanton on thy breast,
Sighing, awaits thee in the bower!
O linger not!—For thee the breeze
With sweets reluctant steals along—
For thee the dew-drops deck the trees—
For thee the night-bird tunes her song—
For thee fair Cynthia beams so bright,
And smiles upon the rill serene,
Sacred to love and thee this night;—
Come, then, and bless the Eden scene!
Awake! awake! beloved one!
Thy casement ope, and softly say,
Thou hear'st my anxious orison—
And, if thou lov'st me, come away!

Q. Q.

THE NORTHERN LOVER'S SERENADE.

WAKE, Genevieve! a voice is sounding
Which thou once didst not disdain;
Wake, Genevieve! a heart is bounding
Thus to call thee once again.
Fierce the winter-blast is blowing,
But it chills not passion's glowing;
Fiercer let it be,
So thou'lt hear me call on thee,—
Wake, Genevieve!

Though here no zephyr balm is breathing
Sweet and soft like Beauty's sigh;
Though here no dew-wet flowers are wreathing
Fair as Beauty's glistening eye;
Though no nightingale is pouring
Forth the voice of his adoring,
Spain hath never known
Song of deeper, tenderer tone,
Than that I weave.
In southern climes, Loves spring and wither
Like their roses blown and past;
But the Love that brings me hither,
Like our pines, defies the blast.
'Tis because it grew so slowly
That it now pervades me wholly:
Nought in life I see,
Think or dream upon, save thee,
Dear Genevieve!
Dear Genevieve! O, if thou hearest,
Let the word be blessed by thee!
Yet, whether kindest or severest,
Thou alike art dear to me.
Whether waking yet, or sleeping,
Sweet it is Love's night-watch keeping—
Sweet it is to call
On thee, in thy slumber's thrall,
Dear Genevieve!

ZARACH.

SKETCHES.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—Letter II.

OUR companion in the coupé of the Diligence was a Frenchman; an architect, as he said, and a civil engineer. As to his civility, I am sure I ought to praise it, for I think I never met with a kinder creature in my life. If I asked him a question, he not only gave me an answer, but took it as a text to tell me a thousand things, relevant or irrelevant—he did not stand on trifles. "The coach goes very slow," said I, as we changed horses at Haut Buisson. "Yes, sir; we have been an hour and three quarters in coming six miles and a quarter. It is not, sir, that the horses cannot go faster; the postmasters order them to go slow, and you have no remedy. Ah! in Napoleon's time, if a complaint had been made for such conduct, the postmaster would have been dismissed, and the postilion sent to the army. But it is worse, sir, on the Havre road: there the postilions actually make you promise what you will give them before they start; and on the road to Lyons—" "I beg pardon, sir; when do we dine?"—"The coach did dine at Boulogne; but it was found too early; besides—" "I suppose we shall dine then at Montreuil."—"Precisely, sir; that town is famous for woodcocks. I have eaten them very delicious there." By the by, I never could fancy where the fun lay of a party of gentlemen going down to Bath from London to taste a 'new dish,' a *salmi of woodcocks*, a mess as common in France as woodcocks dressed in any other way. We approached the column erected, or begun to be erected, near Boulogne, to perpetuate the memory of the conquest of England. "There, sir," said he, "I was at the building of that column, and—" "Pray, sir, do you really think Bonaparte intended to invade England?"—"To be sure he did, or why had he a medal engraved with these words on the exergue, 'Struck at London, 1806.' Upon that France is squeezing a leopard to death, as a bear hugs her prey, or the boa constrictor the buffalo; but I can tell you more about that—" "But a truce with dissertations. I am hungry, and I hope a *salmi de bécasses* awaits me at Montreuil." And this is Montreuil sur Mer!—a pretty bull enough to call a place on the sea that is completely out of sight of it, and above twelve

miles distant. Well, it is pretty up-hill work getting to it, at any rate, and I hope we shall be paid for our trouble. The Hôtel de France, —why this is where they say Sterne lodged. I have seen the room at Dessin's hotel at Calais called Sterne's chamber, No. 31, in which there is nothing to remind us of Yorick but a dirty mezzotint portrait of him; yet even this alone would have awakened a thousand delightful recollections, had I not ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the range of buildings in the garden, of which No. 31 forms a part, was built since Sterne died. I was angry with myself for being over curious, and truly felt with the poet, that

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Yet I could not help thinking the imposture of "Sterne's chamber," painted on the door of a room he never inhabited, unworthy even of Messieurs Dessin.

At Montreuil I was not more fortunate, the waiter told me, "O yes, sir, I knew him well; he lived here six years."—You lying dog, thought I. Now, said I to myself, I'll lay a hundred sovereigns that if I inquire at Namport for the dead ass, I shall either be laughed at, or have just such an answer. I was, however, saved all mortification on these two heads, for it was pitch dark when we got to Namport; but I had forgotten I am yet at Montreuil. I hate Montreuil; they are a dirty, unmannerly set; they give you bad dinners, and fancy English travellers do not know wood-cocks from snipes. I recollect my old friend, Admiral Sir Edward B., asking the innkeeper at Montreuil to shew him his garden; when the fellow, with the utmost *sang froid*, went to the pig-sty, turned out the companions of St. Anthony, and turned the English admiral in. So, I say again, I hate Montreuil; and he who says he likes it, is no friend of mine. *Memorandum.*—Never eat pork at Montreuil, nor ducks in the vicinity of the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. If you are afraid of forgetting this hint, I recommend to you the system of my friend Loudon, who advises a gardener's boy who has to recollect the numbers 19 and 21, to think of Syngenesia and Menecia, as being, of course, much more easily remembered; and lest you should forget my hint, you will be sure to remember it if you only think of *Ti Syngenesia* and *Menecia*. I think I need not introduce a stronger instance of the value of mnemonics, and the utility of M. Feinagle's establishment at Dublin, where they would do well to remember to forget;—but I am no politician.

Amiens is famous for its *patés*, and it had the glory, in common with Paris, Perigord, and Strasburg, to adorn the tables of the Congress of Vienna, where disputes ran high on their respective merits. Talleyrand maintained that nothing could equal the *patés* of Perigord; the Emperor Francis preferred the goose liver *patés* of Strasburg, both from taste and tradition; Alexander relished keenly for some time the *patés* of Amiens, or rather of Actreul, but, at length, he had a surfeit of them, and banished them his table; and the Duke of Wellington evinced his constant predilection for the *patés* of Le Sage, of Paris.

Chantilly shews scarcely any remains of its ancient glory. Here the Condés kept up a state superior to that of many sovereigns of Europe. The line will be extinct with the present excellent prince, who, through modesty, will only be called Duke of Bourbon (the second title); he has not yet ceased to mourn the loss of his son, the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien.

We stopped a quarter of an hour here, when I got into conversation with an old woman who was hemming a crimson petticoat, the favourite colour of the peasantry throughout France. "Oh, sir," said she, "I ought not to be thus employed; but the dreadful Revolution ruined us all. I am one of its unfortunate victims."

"Indeed! I suppose you were of a noble family?"—"Not exactly, sir; my husband was helper in the Prince of Condé's stables, and when the prince was obliged to fly, he lost his place, and we were ruined."—"Poor woman, I pity you," said I, with a look of sympathy on one cheek, and a broad grin on the other.

If ever I am King of France, I will make them mend their ways; my subjects shall not be jolted to death on a rough pavement; and if Louis XIV. could only have looked on St. Denis with as much delight as I did, he never would have built Versailles, but contented himself with St. Germain and Paris. Three quarters of an hour brought us to Montmartre, the only side on which Paris could be defended, and on which side the allies most wisely attacked it in 1814. Honour and glory immortal be to thee, *Butte de Chaumont*, where the boys of the Polytechnic school gave an example of bravery and devotion, which so delighted the Emperor Alexander, that he forbade his troops to fire on them. Marmont, it is said, betrayed Napoleon on that occasion; certain it is, his conduct did not please his wife, the daughter of the late M. Perregaux, who has refused ever since to live with him.

What a bore it is to be stopped at the barriers, to see if you have not a leg of mutton or a bottle of sour wine to levy a duty on. Thank Heaven, we have passed it, and are safely arrived at our destination. Here the same scene is repeated that we experienced on our landing at Calais. Scores of fellows surround you, pressing you to go to their hotel; one of the most clamorous thrust a card into my hand—"On my honour, my lor, it is the best hotel in Paris." It ran as follows:—

64, Montmartre Street,
Hotel of England.

Large et small furnished apartments,
Held sup Mr. Regnon.

Its position is in the centre of business, near the general administration of the posts in the neighbour hood of the diligences and Exchange.
There are stables and coach-houses
& Paris.

It being late, I went to the Hôtel de la Providence, which is in the coach-yard. The hotel is very appositely named, for to a certainty they will never have any custom save what Providence sends them by a late Diligence, and I do not think that the same party ever darkened their doors twice. One pill is a dose of such an hotel.

My son Paul was vastly dissatisfied with the entrance of Paris by the Faubourg St. Denis, and still more with the Porte St. Denis, which stands at the bottom of the street merely to create an obstacle to a free passage. The inscription tells us it was erected to the glory of Louis XIV., for his victories in Flanders; when Napoleon gained the battle of Austerlitz, he directed the bas reliefs to be restored, and the whole repaired. He gave no orders in particular, thinking that those who received them would have wit enough to divine his meaning; but the architect was as simple as the painter who, on being requested by the captain of a pirate to paint something d-d warlike on the stern, asked him what he thought of a flower-pot! The architect mended the noses, fingers, and toes with Dibl's cement, and regilt the inscription to the honour of Louis XIV. Mons. M***, one of Napoleon's ministers, knew his

master's vanity, and that he, no doubt, wished the inscription to be effaced, and one in his own honour put up, as he had stuck the Louvre all over with N's; yet he would not take upon himself to order what it was not in his department to do. The Imperial Government was consulted, and the scaffolding remained up for months while they came to a decision, which was, that the gilt should be taken off, and the inscription be only in the colour of the stone. The emperor, on learning their wise decision, exclaimed, "Blockheads! they neither know how to do a thing nor how to let it alone."

MUSIC.

THE MELODIST'S CLUB.

A SOCIETY has lately been formed under this title, whose leading object is to cultivate national musical talent; and by associating literary men and popular poets with the best composers and most eminent vocalists of the age, to secure a union (as yet of rare occurrence) of good music with words of expression and meaning. At its meeting on Thursday last (at the Freemason's Tavern), M. Weber was present as an honorary member, and delighted the company by several performances on the piano-forte. Mr. Braham also attended, and was in glorious voice; Mr. Sinclair sung most sweetly a little piece composed for the club; Mr. de Bégis varied the enjoyments of the evening with his admirable execution of several airs; and Mr. Watson and a young bass singer (Mr. Roche) contributed much to the general harmony. Perhaps a higher treat could hardly be produced than resulted from this brilliant conjunction of genius and talent; and the members of the Club were further delighted to hear from the chair that M. Weber had engaged to compose a song for them, and that several pieces were in a state of forwardness by Mr. Braham and other members. It is not easy to foresee what such an institution may do for British melody.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs to Rosa. The Poetry by F. H. Bailey, Esq.; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by T. A. Rawlings. London, 1826. Goulding and Co.

Few publications have of late come under our view that could be said to surpass the present either in external elegance or in the higher value of their contents. It came out about ten days ago; and we think it but justice to those who have presented it to the musical world, not only to give it this early notice, but to confer upon it, at the same time, all the praise its superior merit deserves. Of the two finely executed engravings, intended as an additional ornament to the work, the one on the title-page by the famous F. Bartolozzi will strike every connoisseur. The whole contains ten songs; the words of which form a sort of connected tale, and seem to be founded on the true love history of the poet and Rosa. The first song cheerfully begins—

"When first we met, I gazed on thee
As on some spirit from above,
Whose beauty seem'd too pure to be
Profaned by thoughts of earthly love."

And the last,—in a quite opposite strain, expressing the lover's disappointment and final leave of his adored,—commences—

"Go, Rosa, go! at once farewell,
Since faithless I have found thee."

The music, though not all equal, still by no means unsuitable to the words, is made up partly of original airs, by Mr. Rawlings, Maz-

zinghi, Bishop, and F. H. B., and partly of old German, French, Spanish, and Indian melodies. It is strange enough, that the first part of the first air should be taken from a melody of Mr. Bishop's, and the second part of the same should be Indian, as is distinctly stated. The music to the *Isle of Beauty*, page 6, by Whitmore, is, in our opinion, the finest; and the German air, page 43, the poorest. Four of the airs are given twice; first for one voice, and secondly harmonised for four voices.

2. *Whether the Sun is burning bright.* Boat Glee for 3 Voices. The Music by Henry Bishop. Same Publisher.

A short and easy composition, not materially differing from the author's usual style. Its melody is perfectly appropriate, being certainly flowing, and, no doubt, in imitation of the elegant Venetian and Sicilian boat songs, many of which are as well known as the Swiss *Rends-de-Vache*.

3. *Gievinetto Cavalier, &c.: with Variations for the Piano-Forte.* By Thomas Valentine. Same.

THIS appears somewhat late in the day, particularly as such a vast number of these Cavaliers have already passed in review before us. The theme and the first two variations were, however, glad to see; but wished variations 3 and 4 had stayed behind, inasmuch as they told us nothing which we had not already heard from their predecessors.

4. *Come, Love, to Me.* Romance by Bishop, with Variations by Kialmark. Same.

THE introduction, pp. 1 and 2, is so simple and pleasing, that it might pass as good music for a romance itself. We can speak with equal praise of the six variations, as they are all in good keeping with their theme, and, for the most part, steer clear of that unprofitable, trite passage-work so often found in modern compositions of their class.

DRAMA.

THE anxiety displayed by the proprietor of Drury Lane to divert the attention of the public from the promised opera at the rival theatre, has given birth to one of the most miserable attempts at melodrama that has ever been palmed upon the good humour and endurance of an Easter audience. It is indeed true, as the bills announce, that the subject and the characters are taken from Wieland's *Oberon*; but the use which has been made of that extraordinary poem exhibits only a want of taste and skill in the adapter; whilst the actors who are employed (if we except the dog who is sewn up in a tiger's skin, and by his activity and spirit shames some of his two-legged competitors,) are of such a grade, that they can atone for no defects of composition, nor afford any satisfaction by their individual exertions. The scenery, on the other hand, is entitled to great praise. The view of Fairyland and the Panorama of Tunis, by Stanfield, are brilliant productions of art; and Roberts has also used his pencil with considerable effect: but this is all; for the scene-shifters are refractory, the machinists clumsy, and the performers unrehearsed. "With all its imperfections on its head," *Oberon* may, notwithstanding, draw a few better "half-prices" than the *Miller and his Men*, and the *Tale of Mystery*, the novelties of Covent Garden; but even then a great portion of it ought to be omitted. Late

hours are ill-suited to children and apprentices; and in its present state, the night is always more "than at odds with morning," before the curtain falls, and the theatre is cleared.

At Covent Garden a concert was announced for Wednesday, at which Weber was to have presided, but Miss Paton was taken suddenly ill, and the performance of the music (the only attraction of the evening) was obliged to be omitted: a serious calamity on the preceding day afforded, for once, too real an excuse for this public disappointment. We should be sorry to say any thing severe upon ladies or gentlemen who may have delicate constitutions, (particularly in the month of March,) but these frequent disappointments too often arise from the caprice of the actors or the obstinacy of the managers. Certain we are, that such changes are highly injurious to the treasury, and we are surprised that some measures are not attempted to remedy these abuses. A party going to the theatres cannot now be guided by the bills of the day; they must take their chance for what they are likely to see or hear; or, before they alight from their "jarries," must beg for a view of the bulletins of the evening. We have heard that "they manage these things better in France."

VARIETIES.

THE Edinburgh Exhibition of Fine Arts is stated to have netted about 8000, for admissions during the six weeks it has been open; and we also learn with pleasure that a large proportion of the pictures have been sold.

Egyptian Antiquity.—Chevalier Drovetti has presented to the King of France a remarkable monument of antiquity, which he found at Sais in Egypt. It consists of a single piece of rose-coloured granite, 8 feet 3 inches (French) in height, 5 feet 1 inch in breadth, and 4 feet 8 inches in depth. The sides are all ornamented with hieroglyphics, which M. Champollion Figeac expounds to mean: 1. That this stone was dedicated to Neith, the tutelary goddess of the city of Sais; 2. that in the niche or opening in the front of this sanctuary was engaged and fed her living symbol, a vulture; 3. that the stone was consecrated by the King Amosis, Net-Se, the son of Neith, who is the Amasis of the 26th Egyptian dynasty, a native of Sais, and the same who, after a reign of forty years, was vanquished by Cambyses. This makes the date of the monument between 530 and 570 years before the Christian era.

Burns in French.—The following example of a translation of Burns's Songs into the French tongue will amuse our readers: it is indeed a droll *chanson en dialogue*.

"Mari, mari, cessez vos querelles—que veut dire ce courroux, monsieur? Quoique je sois votre femme, je ne suis pas votre esclave, monsieur."

"Un des deux doit obéir, Nancy, Nancy; sera-ce l'homme ou la femme, dites, mon épouse Nancy?"

"Service! obéissance! voilà les mots que vous prononcez avec un ton de maître. Eh bien! j'abandonnerai mon seigneur, et dirai bonsoir à son allégeance."

"Je serai bien triste, ainsi privé de toi, Nancy, Nancy; cependant j'essaierai du changement, mon épouse Nancy."

"Mon pauvre cœur doit alors se rompre, je suis près de ma dernière heure. Lorsque je serai dans la terre, pensez à votre chagrin."

"J'espérais, et me confiais au ciel, Nancy, Nancy. Force pour supporter ce malheur me sera donnée, mon épouse Nancy."

"Eh bien! monsieur, du fond de la tombe, je tâcherai de vous envoyer des peurs horribles: à minuit, d'affreux diables seront auprès de votre lit."

"Alors j'épouserai un autre femme semblable à toi, ma chère Nancy, Nancy; alors tout l'enfer s'enfuira d'effroi, mon épouse Nancy."

Longevity.—There is now living at Moscow an old man, 126 years of age. Entering into the military service towards the end of the reign of Peter I., he was at the siege of Hotine,

and took a part in the seven years' war, at the end of which a severe wound in the foot compelled him to retire. He then turned shoemaker, and married. His wife died in 1812. His memory is very tenacious. His narratives, and the accounts which he gives of the celebrated persons whom he has known, correspond closely with historical statements; and although he is destitute of the elements of knowledge, he is seldom in error as to the chronology of the various epochs and events about which he is questioned.

Russia.—The Agricultural Society of Moscow, over which Prince Galitzin presides, and to which the late Emperor Alexander gave a considerable grant of land near Moscow for the purpose of establishing a farm, is going on very prosperously. It has already collected in its school above eighty pupils from various parts of Russia, even from Kamtschatka; and the journal of its proceedings has been so much in demand, that it has been found necessary to reprint the volumes for the first two years.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Scribel, the famous improvisatore, having been dabbling in politics, has been banished from the Roman States; so that it is not improbable we may have a visit from him, and be enabled to compare his talent with that of Pistrucchi.

A Russian Peasant, of the name of Fedor Slapuchkin, has attracted so much notice as an uneducated poet, that the Minister for Public Instruction has published his book, "Leisure Hours of a Villager;" and the Emperor, Empress, and Royal Academy, have distinguished him by presents and honours.

A Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered into the Swedish language. has recently appeared at Stockholm, from the pen of Count Skoelander. This translation is into verse of the same metre as the original, but without rhymes. It exhibits, however, all the beauties, and even a portion of the poetical harmony of the Italian author. An opportunity will soon be afforded of ascertaining by comparison the effect and advantage of rhyme in Swedish versification; for the fifth volume of the works of Count Oxenstierna is in the press; containing, among other poems, a translation of Tasso's epic as far as the fifth canto, in Alexandrine and semi-Alexandrine verses; consisting of the same number of stanzas and verses as the original.

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Thursday .. 23	From 35. to 40.	29.60 — 29.50
Friday .. 24	— 31. — 39.	29.40 to 29.67
Saturday .. 25	— 32. — 44.	29.67 stationary
Sunday .. 26	— 32. — 39.	29.67 — 29.63
Monday .. 27	— 28. — 43.	29.66 — 29.50
Tuesday .. 28	— 30. — 51.	29.80 — 29.67
Wednesday 29	— 42. — 47.	29.55 — 29.70

Wind N.E. till the 28th, when it veered round to S.W.; on the 29th again northerly. Generally cloudy. Rain on the 23d and 29th. Snow about midnight of the 29th; also in the afternoon of the 26th; which latter remained in shady places till the morning of the 27th.

Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude .. 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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